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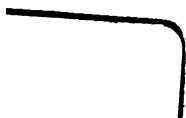
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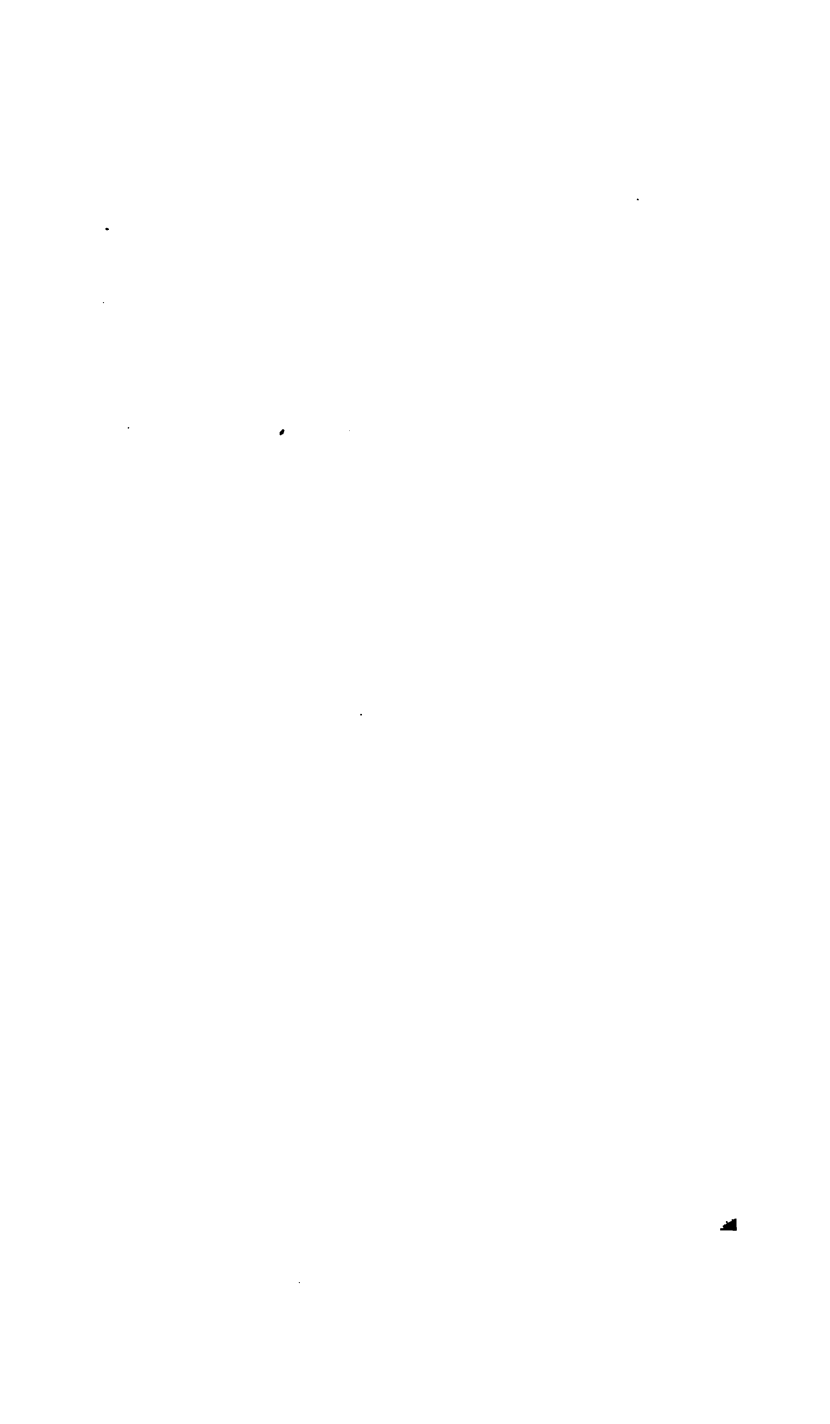


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Vol. 1. 1791

THE PAGE'S REQUEST.

THE
HEROES OF ENGLAND:

STORIES OF THE LIVES

OF THE MOST CELEBRATED

BRITISH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

BY
LAWRENCE DRAKE.

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A PREFACE is now considered an established introduction to a book, yet the writer of the following pages ventures to usher in his work without the usual formal bow. Like Sir John Falstaff, he might talk of plentiful reasons, but he contents himself with two; namely, that his book is addressed solely to those whose young hearts, alive to every natural emotion, will glow at the generous and lofty deeds of their renowned countrymen, without the necessity of the recorder requiring it of them—while their frank minds demand no flattery to win their favourable regard.

L. D.

London, Nov. 1, 1842.

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THE
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INTO LONDON—MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE—THIRD EXPEDITION
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Woodstock Palace was a joyous scene on the morning of the 15th of June, 1330. England's queen, the lovely Philippa, had given birth to a son, thus realising the fond hopes of King Edward III, and fulfilling the ardent wishes of a loyal people. The peasant, the noble, and the king rejoiced at his birth; in truth, the whole nation seemed to anticipate the future glory of the infant prince, and his baptism was

celebrated with unequalled festivity and joy. The young and beautiful queen-mother nursed her own child, who thus receiving health and strength from the same pure blood which had given him existence, seemed to imbibe the generous and feeling nature of Philippa, while, as he increased in vigour, he shewed that he possessed the steady valour and keen sagacity of his father.

When three years of age he was made Earl of Chester. Four years after he had a dukedom conferred on him—the first ever created in England. He was then styled Earl of Cornwall. On the day of installation, though only seven years of age, he dubbed twenty knights, as the first exercise of his new dignity. The title by which he is best known, was not given him till he had reached his thirteenth year. He was then created Prince of Wales by his father, being invested in the presence of the Parliament with this dignity by the symbols of a coronet of gold, a ring, and a silver wand; and from this time may be dated his entry into active life.

During the next three years he was chiefly occupied in the practice of arms, by acquiring that skill in their use, and those powers of endurance, which were so necessary for the labo-

rious and hazardous life of a knight in the days of chivalry. When sixteen he accompanied his father in his expedition against France, and there soon saw in reality those scenes of which the tournament was but a sportive mockery. General battles were fought in which the young prince shared, and the English army advanced into the interior of the country by some of the most daring and successful marches on record in the annals of warfare.

At length they encamped in a forest, a little to the west of the small town of Cressy. The French army, immensely superior in numbers, was not far distant, but confident in his troops and himself, and animated by the memory of many triumphs, the English king resolved to make a stand. The field of Cressy, from the capabilities of the ground, was made choice of for the expected battle, and the plan being drawn out by Edward and his counsellors, the king, as the greatest and most chivalrous favour he could confer, determined to yield the place of danger and of honour to the prince, and in his own words, "to let the day be his."

To insure his success most of the famous knights were placed in the division which the Black Prince (as he was now called from the sable suit of armour he usually wore) was to

command; while the Earl of Warwick and the celebrated John Chandos were ordered not to quit his side, but be ever ready to direct and aid him.

Early on the morning of the 26th of August, 1346, the trumpets sounded, and the army marched to take up the position which had been selected on the previous day. The ground was an irregular slope looking towards the south and east, the quarters from which the enemy were expected. The Prince's division, composed of eight hundred men-at-arms, four thousand archers, and six thousand Welsh foot, was stationed nearly at the bottom of the hill; the archers, as usual, in front, the light troops next, and then the men-at-arms, in the midst of whom was the Prince himself, with twelve earls and lords as his staff. To the left of this, and higher on the slope, appeared the second division of about seven thousand men, commanded by the Earls of Arundel and Northampton. On a rising ground surmounted by a windmill, aloof from the rest, was King Edward himself, with twelve thousand men as a reserve. The wagons and baggage were in the rear of the Prince, under the charge of a small body of archers. As the battle was to be fought entirely on foot, all the horses were also left with these.

Mounted on a palfrey, with a white staff in his hand, the king, with a smiling and cheerful countenance, rode from rank to rank. By noon he had passed through all the lines, exhorting the men to do their duty gallantly, and defend his honour and right.

The soldiers now had permission to refresh themselves while waiting the enemy's approach. They accordingly ate and drank at ease, and afterwards lay down in ranks on the long grass, with their bows and steel caps beside them.

Meantime the French army had approached very near. Four knights had ridden forward and observed King Edward's plan of battle, when, having seen how fresh and vigorous the English troops appeared, they advised Philip, the French king, to delay the engagement till next day, by which time his troops, now hungry and wearied, would be refreshed. Philip at once saw the wisdom of this counsel, and one of his marshals immediately galloped to the front and the other to the rear.

"Halt your banners in the name of God, the king, and St. Denis!" was the command given to the leaders. The advanced troops instantly obeyed, but the others pressed on, hoping to be among the foremost. This obliged the soldiers in front to move on again. In vain the king

commanded, and the marshals threatened; hurrying forward in disgraceful confusion, the French, passing through a small wood, suddenly found themselves in the presence of the English. The surprise caused the first line to fall back, and thus increase the confusion.

The English soldiers now rose steadily from the grass, and stood in fair and martial order on the hill-side, with the standard of the Black Prince in their front.

The sky had by this time become clouded, a thunder storm came on, and torrents of rain soon fell, slackening the strings of the cross-bows of the Genoese archers, who had advanced to break the firm front of the English bowmen. The clouds cleared quickly away, and the western sun soon shone out bright and clear full in the faces of the French. At the moment the Genoese drew their arblasts, and commenced their discharge, each English archer stepped forward a single pace, as he took his bow from the case in which it had been protected from the rain, and a flight of arrows fell among the Genoese, piercing their heads, arms, and faces, and causing them instantly to retreat in confusion among the horsemen in their rear.

The passionate French king, instead of trying to rally the fugitives, at once ordered the men-

at-arms to fall upon them. The cavalry, the heavy troops, and the cross-bow men, soon formed a wild and reeling crowd, amid which the English poured a continued flight of unerring arrows, and not a single bow-string was drawn in vain.

Meantime the Count of Alençon, dividing his men into two parties, swept round on one side of this scene of confusion, while the Count of Flanders did the same on the other side, and avoiding the archers, furiously attacked the men-at-arms around the Prince. England's chivalry, headed by the gallant boy, met the impetuous charge with equal valour and with greater success; and as each headlong effort of the French deranged the ranks for a moment, they were formed anew, each man fighting where he stood, none quitting his place to make a prisoner, while growing piles of dead told of their courage and vigour. The two counts were slain, and terror began to spread through their troops. A large body of German cavalry now bore down on the Prince's archers, and, in spite of the terrible flight of arrows, cut their way through and charged the men-at-arms. By this time nearly forty thousand men were pressing round the little English phalanx, but the combat was renewed hand to hand with more energy than

ever, while the Earls of Northampton and Arundel moved up with their division to repel the tremendous attack.

King Edward still remained with his powerful reserve, viewing the battle from the windmill above. The Earl of Warwick now called a knight, named Thomas of Norwich, and despatched him to the king.

"How now, Sir Thomas," enquired Edward, as the knight reached the royal presence, "Does the battle go against my son?"

"No, sire," replied Sir Thomas. "But he is assailed by an overpowering force, and the Earl of Warwick prays the immediate aid of your grace's division."

"Sir Thomas," demanded Edward, "is my son killed, or overthrown, or wounded beyond help?"

"Not so, my liege," answered the knight, "yet he is in a rude shock of arms, and much does he need your aid."

"Go back, Sir Thomas, to those who sent you," rejoined the king, "and tell them from me, that whatever happens, to require no aid from me, so long as my son is in life. Tell them, also, that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for, God willing, the day shall be

his, and the honour shall rest with him, and those into whose charge I have given him."

The Prince and those around him seemed inspired with fresh courage by this message, and efforts surpassing all that had preceded were made by the English soldiers. The French men-at-arms, as they still dashed down on the ranks, met the same fate as their predecessors; and, hurled wounded from their dying horses, were thrust through by the short lances of the half-armed Welshmen, who rushed hither and thither through the midst of the fight. Charles of Luxembourg, who led the German cavalry, seeing his banner down, his friends slain, his troops routed, and himself wounded severely in three places, fled, casting off his rich surcoat to avoid recognition.

This prince's father, the veteran King of Bohemia, was seated on horseback at a little distance from the fight. The old man had fought in almost every quarter of Europe, but, though still full of valour, he was now blind. Unable himself to mark the progress of the fight he continued to enquire anxiously, and soon discovered that the day was lost.

"My son," demanded the veteran monarch of his attendants: "my son, can you still see my son?"

“The King of the Romans is not in sight, sire,” was the reply, “but doubtless he is somewhere engaged in the *melée*.”

“Lords,” continued the old king, drawing his own conclusions from what he heard, and resolved not to quit the field alive, “Lords, you are my vassals, my friends, and my companions; and on this day I command and beseech you, to lead me forward so far, that I may deal one blow of my sword in the battle.”

They linked their horses’ bridles to one another, and placing their venerable lord in the centre, galloped down into the field. Entering the thickest strife, they advanced directly against the Prince of Wales. Here the blind monarch was seen fighting valiantly for some time, but at length his banner went down. Next day he was found dead on the field of Cressy—his friends around him—their horses still linked to each other by the bridles.

It was growing dark ere the angry Philip could force his way through the confusion he had himself chiefly caused, by the imprudent command he gave at the commencement of the battle. The unremitting arrows of the English still continued to pour like hail; and his followers fell thickly around him. Many fled, leaving him

to his fate; and presently his own horse was killed by an arrow.

One of his attendants, John of Hainault, who had remained by his side the whole day, mounted him on one of his own chargers, and entreated him to quit the field. Philip refused, and making his way into the thickest battle, fought for some time with great courage. At length, his troops almost annihilated, himself wounded in two places, he suffered John to half force him from the field, and with a few of his lords, and only sixty men at-arms, reached his nearest castle of Broye in safety. At midnight he again set out, and did not slacken his flight till he reached Amiens.

The gallant Prince of Wales still held his station firmly in the battle. The utmost efforts of the French had not made him yield a single step. By degrees, as night fell, the assailants decreased in numbers, the banners disappeared, and the shouts of the knights, and the clang of arms died away. Silence at last crept over the field, and told that victory was completed by the flight of the enemy. Torches were then lighted in immense numbers along the English lines to dispel the darkness.

King Edward now first quitted his station on

the hill. He hastily sought his conquering boy, and clasped him proudly to his bosom.

“God give you perseverance in your course, my child!” cried the king, as he still held him. “You are indeed my son! Nobly have you acquitted yourself, and worthy are you of the place you hold!”

The youthful hero had hitherto, in the excitement and energy of the battle, felt only the necessity of immense exertion, and had been unmindful of all but the immediate efforts of the moment. But now the thought of his great victory, which his father’s praise seemed first to bring fully to his mind, overcame him, and he sank on his knees before the king, and entreated his blessing after a day of such glory and peril. And thus ended the battle of Cressy.

The prince had now fully established his character as a warrior. Two or three years afterwards he showed that he could display equal courage at sea as on land. This was in an engagement with the Spaniards.

Peter the Cruel, as he was termed, was at that time king of Castile, and encouraged to a great extent the pirates who infested the English seas. His own fleet even, in passing through the British Channel, had captured a number of

English merchantmen returning from Bourdeaux, and, after putting into Sluys, were preparing to sail back in triumph with the prizes and merchandise.

King Edward determined to oppose their return, and collected his fleet off the coast of Sussex, near Winchelsea. When he heard that the Spaniards were about putting to sea, he immediately embarked to command the expedition in person. The Black Prince, now in his twentieth year, accompanied him, and commanded one of the largest vessels. The day on which the Spanish fleet would make its appearance had been nicely calculated. Edward waited impatiently for its approach, and, to beguile the time, made the musicians play an air which the famous Chandos, who was now with him, had brought from Germany.

“Now, Sir Knight,” said the monarch sportively, “thou hast a mellow voice, we command thee to sing the air with the musicians.”

The knight obeyed though somewhat reluctantly. During the concert the king from time to time turned his eye to the watcher at the mast head. In a short time the music was interrupted by the cry of “a sail!” Ordering wine to be brought, Edward drank one cup with his knights, and throwing off the cap he had

worn till now, put on his casque, and closed his visor for the day.

The Spanish ships came on in gallant trim. The number of fighting men which they contained was, compared with the English, as ten to one, and their vessels were of a much greater size. They had also large wooden towers on board filled with cross-bowmen, and were further provided with immense bars of iron with which to sink the ships of their opponents. They approached with their tops filled with cross-bowmen and engineers, the decks covered with men-at-arms, and with the banners and pennons of different knights and commanders flying from every mast. They came up in order of battle a few hours before night. King Edward immediately steered direct against a large Spanish ship, endeavouring, according to the custom of ancient naval warfare, to run her down with his prow. The vessel, which was much superior to his own in magnitude, withstood the tremendous shock—both ships recoiling from each other. The king now found his ship had sprung a leak, and was sinking fast. In the confusion the Spanish vessel passed on; but Edward, immediately ordering his ship to be lashed to another of the enemy, after a despe-

rate struggle made himself master of a sound vessel.

The battle now raged on all sides. Showers of bolts and quarrels from the cross-bows, and immense stones hurled by powerful engines, were poured upon the English. The Black Prince, imitating the example of his father, had fixed on one of the largest ships of the enemy, but, while steering towards her, the missiles she discharged pierced his own vessel in several places. The speedy capture of his enemy was now necessary, for as he came alongside his barque, was absolutely sinking. The sides of his opponent's vessel being much higher than his own rendered the attempt very hazardous ; and while, sword in hand, he attempted to force his way, bolts and arrows poured on his head from every quarter. The Earl of Lancaster, sweeping by to engage one of the enemy, saw the situation of the Prince, and immediately dashed to the other side of his antagonist, and after a fierce but short struggle, the Spanish ship remained in the hands of the Prince, and scarcely had he and his crew left their own vessel, before she filled and went down.

Twenty-four of the enemy's ships had by this time been captured ; the rest were sunk, or in

full flight; and, night having fallen, King Edward measured back the short distance to the shore. Father and son then mounting horse, rode to the Abbey of Winchelsea, where Queen Philippa had been left, and soon turned the suspense she had suffered since darkness had hidden the battle from her sight, into joy and gratitude.

The French king, Philip, was now dead, and had been succeeded by his eldest son John. Some proceedings on the part of the new monarch, were regarded as a signal to break the truce which had subsisted for a short time between the English and French. Various displays of hostilities followed, and many negotiations were entered into without success. The Black Prince, being appointed Captain-General, sailed for Bourdeaux in August, 1355, and arrived there after an easy passage. His first movements were always successful, and, even when winter set in, the judicious manner in which he employed his troops enabled him to add five fortified towns and seventeen castles to the English possessions.

Spring and summer passed by, the Prince still continuing active. At length the French king collected an immense army, and marched to intercept him. Though well aware that John

was endeavouring to cut off his retreat, the Black Prince was ignorant of the exact position of the French army, until one day a small foraging party fell in with a troop of three hundred horsemen, who, pursuing the little band across some bushes, suddenly found themselves under the banner of the Black Prince. After a few blows they surrendered, and from them the Prince learned that King John was a day's march in advance of him.

A party despatched to reconnoitre, brought back intelligence that an army of eight times his force lay between him and Poitiers. Though without fear, the Prince felt all the difficulties of his situation, yet his simple reply was, "God be our help ! now let us think how we may fight them to the best advantage?"

A high ground, commanding the country towards Poitiers, defended by the hedges of a vineyard, and accessible from the city only by a hollow way, scarcely wide enough to admit four men abreast, presented to him a most defensible position. Here he encamped, and early next morning disposed his troops for battle. He dismounted his whole force, placed a body of archers, drawn up in the form of a harrow, in front, the men-at-arms behind, and stationed strong bodies of bowmen along the hedges on

each side of the hollow way. Thus, while climbing the hill, the French would be exposed to the galling flights of arrows, while the nature of the ground would further render their superiority in numbers of little avail.

The French, sixty thousand strong, were now ready to march. The oriflamme, or large banner of France, had been displayed, and the whole army was eagerly waiting the word of command to crush the handful of enemies which crowned the hill before them, when the Cardinal de Perigord rode hastily along their ranks. He was regarded with an evil eye, for the men knew his was an errand of peace.

The good Cardinal found King John in the midst of waving banners, nodding plumes, glittering arms, and all the pomp of royalty, combined with the splendour of feudal war. As soon as he saw the king, the Cardinal dismounted, and clasping his hands, besought him to give him audience before he commanded the march.

“Willingly, my Lord Cardinal,” the king answered, “what have you to say?”

“Sire,” replied the legate, “you have here all the chivalry of your realm assembled against a handful of English;—consider then, will it not be more honourable and profitable for you to

have them in your power without battle, than to risk such a noble army in uncertain strife? Let me, I pray you, in the name of God, ride on to the Prince of Wales—show him his peril—and exhort him to peace.”

“I grant your request, my lord,” replied the king, “but let your mission be speedy.”

Without staying a moment the Cardinal hastened on to the Black Prince, whom he found also armed and ready for battle, yet not unwilling to hearken to proposals of peace. The superiority of the enemy, if they chose to blockade him in his position, rendered him apprehensive that he might be obliged then to surrender unconditionally.

“My Lord Cardinal,” he replied at once, “I am willing to listen to any terms by which my honour, and that of my companions, will be preserved.”

The prelate returned to King John with this answer, and, after much entreaty, obtained a truce till next morning. John, however, would hear of nothing but an unconditional surrender, to which the Black Prince would not consent, although he offered to resign all he had captured in his expedition—towns, castles, and prisoners, and to take oath that for seven entire years he would cease to bear arms against France.

“Fair son,” said the good prelate, when, after finding John inflexible, he sought the Black Prince for the last time,—“Fair son, do as you best can, for you must needs fight, as I can find no means of peace or amnesty with the King of France.”

“Be it so, good father!” replied the heroic Prince, “it is our full resolve to fight, and God will aid the right.”

The French host now began to advance,—yet as its ocean of waving plumes rolled up the hill, the Prince, in the same firm tone which had declared the day before, that *England should never have to pay his ransom*, now spoke the hope of victory.

Three hundred chosen horsemen soon reached the narrow way, and putting their horses at full gallop, poured in to charge the harrow of archers. The instant they were completely within the banks, the English bowmen along the hedges poured a flight of arrows which threw them at once into confusion. The bodies of the slain men and horses soon blocked up the way, but a considerable number forcing a path through every obstacle, nearly approached the first line of archers. A gallant knight, named James Audley, with his four squires, rushed against them, and thus almost single-handed he fought

during the whole day, hewing a path through the thickest of the foe, until late in the evening, when covered with many wounds, and fainting from loss of blood, he was borne from the field.

Meantime the shower of arrows continued to pour death, while the English men-at-arms, passing between the lines of the archers, drove back the foremost of the enemy, and the hollow soon became one scene of carnage. One of Edward's officers, named the Captal de Buch, at the same time issued from a woody ravine situated near the foot of the hill, where, with three hundred men-at-arms and three hundred archers on horseback, he had lain concealed, and attacked the flank of one of the divisions of the French army, commanded by the Dauphin, as it commenced the ascent. This, with the confusion in front, and a rumour that part of the army was beaten, carried terror into the rear ranks; and vast numbers who had hardly seen an enemy, gained their horses with all speed, and galloped madly from the field. The arrows discharged by the horse-archers now began to tell on the front line of the enemy:—the quick eye of John Chandos marked it waver and open.

“Now, sir,” he exclaimed, turning to the Prince, “ride forward, and the day is yours. Let us charge right upon the King of France;

for there lies the fate of the day. His courage, I know well, will not let him fly ; but he shall be well encountered."

"On ! on ! John Chandos !" replied the Prince, "you shall not see me tread one step back, but ever in advance. Bear on my banner ! God and St. George be with us !"

The horses had been kept in readiness, and each man now springing into saddle, the army bore down on the enemy with levelled lances, the Captal de Buch forcing his way onward to regain the main body. The hostile forces met with a terrible shock, while the cries of "Denis Mountjoye !" "St. George, Guyenne !" mingled with the clashing of steel, the shivering of lances, and the sound of the galloping steeds. The sight of the conflict struck terror into a body of sixteen thousand men, who had not yet drawn a sword. Panic seemed to seize them, and these fresh troops, instead of aiding their companions, fled disgracefully with their commander, the Duke of Orleans. This probably decided the day.

King John was now seen advancing with his reserve, in numbers still double the force of the English at the commencement of the battle. He saw his nobles flying, but, though indignant,

felt no alarm:—then dismounting with all his men, he led them, battle-axe in hand, against the English charge. The black armour of the young leader of the English rendered him also conspicuous, and while the French king did feats of valour enough to win twenty battles if courage could have done all, the prince was seen raging like a young lion amid the thickest of the enemy. Knight to knight, and hand to hand the battle was now fought. The French were driven back step by step, till John found himself nearly at the gates of Poitiers, now shut against him. While, however, the oriflamme waved over his head he would not believe the day lost; but at length it went down and his hopes fell with it. Surrounded on every side by foes eager to make him prisoner, he still wielded his battle-axe, clearing at each stroke the space around him and his little son who had accompanied him through the fatal field. A knight of Artois, of gigantic height, who had been outlawed, and had taken service with England, seeing that the monarch's life would be lost if he protracted his resistance, suddenly rushed into the circle.

“Yield, Sire, yield!” he exclaimed in French.

"To whom shall I yield?" demanded John. "Where is my cousin the Prince of Wales? Did I see him I would speak."

"He is not here, sire," replied the knight, "but yield to me, and I will bring you safely to him."

"Who art thou?" enquired John.

"I am Denis de Mortbec, a poor knight of Artois," answered the outlaw, "but now in the service of England, because a banished man from my own country."

"Well, I yield me to you," cried the king, giving him in sign of surrender, his right gauntlet.

By this time nothing was seen but dead and dying on the field, with groups of prisoners and parties of fugitives escaping over the distant country. The prince, by the advice of Chandos, now pitched his banner on a high spot, and while the trumpets sounded a recall to the standard, he dismounted and unbracing his helmet, took a draught of wine with the band of knights who had accompanied him throughout the arduous day.

The unfortunate French king was soon brought to him by the Earl of Warwick and Lord Cobham, whom he had despatched in search of him as soon as he learned that the monarch had not



GENEROSITY OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

quitted the field. He had been snatched from the charge of Denis de Mortbec, and when the lords arrived they found his life in great danger from the eagerness those around him showed in each claiming him as a prisoner. The prince received his vanquished adversary with deep and touching respect. Bending his knee before John, he called for wine, and with his own hands presented the cup to the unhappy king.

By mid-day the battle was over, but as the pursuing parties did not return till evening, it was only then that the prince learned the greatness of his victory. With eight thousand men, he had vanquished more than sixty thousand; and the captives were double the number of the conquerors.

Thus passed the most extraordinary victory the annals of the world can produce.

At night a sumptuous entertainment was served in the tent of the Black Prince to the king of France, and the principal prisoners. John, his son, and six of his chief nobles were seated at a table raised higher than the rest, but no place was reserved for the prince himself. Great was the surprise when the victor appeared to officiate as page. This in the days of chivalry implied no degradation, though it showed the generous humility of the young

hero. John repeatedly entreated the prince to seat himself beside him, and could scarcely be persuaded to taste the food while his vanquisher remained standing, or handed him the cup on bended knee. The respectful manner in which the prince conducted himself, and the feeling he expressed for the misfortunes of his foe, so touched John, that at last the tears burst from his eyes and mingled with the marks of blood on his cheeks.

The example of their leader was followed throughout the English camp, every one treating his prisoner as a friend, and admitting them to ransom on terms named in most cases by the vanquished themselves.

London presented a gay spectacle on the 24th of May, 1357. On the morning of that day the prince entered its gates, proceeding through the city on his way to Westminster. The streets were tapestried with the finest silks and carpets, while trophies of every kind of arms were displayed before the houses. The French king, splendidly attired, was mounted on a superb white charger, while his conqueror simply clothed, rode on a small black horse by his side. In the great hall of the palace at Westminster, Edward III, received the royal prisoner in state, embracing him and bidding

him be of good cheer. The palace of the Savoy was then appointed for his residence, and every kindness was added to soften his captivity in a strange land. Four years afterwards, during which time he had been treated like a royal visitor, he was set at liberty at the signing of the treaty of Bretigny.

About this time an English noble, whose name history does not give, had fallen in love with the widowed Countess of Kent, and finding his suit tardy, he entreated the good word of the Prince, who was her cousin. While pleading the cause of his friend he was himself smitten, and on the 10th of October, 1361, he was united to this lady. The unfortunate king, Richard II, was the fruit of this marriage.

After this event the Prince again distinguished himself in France; for the claims of his father, which the treaty had in part recognised, were again disputed. Many battles were fought, and much negotiation was carried on, extending over several years, while in the midst of these harassments the Prince, who had been long ill, became worse. His surgeons advised his return to England. He complied; but day after day his strength failed him, and fainting fits of long continuance often led those around him to suppose him dead. At length on Sun-

day, the 8th of June, 1376, he closed a life which for years had been one sad scene of suffering. He was interred with due pomp in Canterbury Cathedral; his favourite suit of black armour being suspended over his tomb. Thus, scarcely past his prime, died “the valiant and gentle Prince of Wales, the flower of all chivalry in the world at that time.”



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE—HUMBLE INDUSTRY—TREACHERY OF THE SPANIARDS—A NAVAL DIVINE'S OPINION—HOSTILE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SPANISH INDIES—A FRIENDLY WARNING—ATTACK ON NOMBRE DE DIOS—FORMIDABLE BATTERY—SPANISH COURAGE—SPANISH TREASURE—DRAKE WOUNDED—INGENIOUS ARTIFICE—FIRST SIGHT OF THE GREAT SOUTH SEA—THE TREASURE MULES—NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE SPANIARDS—DELICACY OF A MA-ROON CHIEF—DRAKE'S GENEROSITY—ARRIVAL AT COURT—DRAKE FITS OUT A SPLENDID SQUADRON—SAILS FOR THE SOUTH SEA—SINGULAR CONDUCT OF BALBOA—A SAILOR'S JEST—FELIPE, THE INDIAN—VALUABLE PRIZE SHIP—TERNATE—STORY OF A CHINESE EXILE—FIRE-FLIES—SHIP REPAIRED—WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK—RETURN TO ENGLAND—ELIZABETH VISITS THE SHIP AND KNIGHTS DRAKE—A FAMILY QUARREL—DRAKE SINGES THE KING OF SPAIN'S BEARD—YEAR OF THE ARMADA—LAST EXPEDITION—DEATH AND BURIAL OF DRAKE AT SEA—FABLES AND TRADITIONS CONCERNING DRAKE.

FORTY years ago a cottage, which had stood unchanged for three hundred years on the beautiful banks of the river Tavy, was at length pulled down, and a stall for the cattle of a neighbouring farm-house erected in its place. In this cottage Sir Francis Drake, "the terror of the Spaniards," was born. The year of his birth has perplexed biographers, but it is generally supposed to have been 1544. His early

days were passed in poverty and obscurity. Apprenticed by his father to the master of a small coasting barque, Drake was "held hard to his business;" yet gave so many proofs of diligence and fidelity, that his master dying unmarried, bequeathed him his little vessel as the reward of his services. He continued for some time this humble yet active way of life, till having acquired some little money, he sold his ship, and, repairing to Plymouth, joined an expedition under Captain John Hawkins, to the "New World." Owing to the treachery of the Spaniards, who, after admitting the English ships to traffic in the bay of Mexico, attacked them without any declaration of hostilities, and in violation of the peace between Spain and England, four ships were lost, and with these all the accumulations of Drake's former industry.

A divine, belonging to the fleet, comforted Drake by assuring him that he "might lawfully recover in value of the King of Spain, and repair his losses upon him wherever he could." Drake, however, first endeavoured to recover by his own interest at the Spanish court. He then obtained letters from Queen Elizabeth, but finding all his remonstrances vain, "though a poor private man, he undertook to avenge himself on so mighty a monarch." In order to make him-

self acquainted with the seas and coasts, Drake made two preparatory voyages to America, and having thus gained information of the exact state of the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, he determined on a third voyage of more importance, in which he resolved to teach the Spaniards how imprudently they always act who injure and insult a brave man.

Two small ships, one of seventy tons commanded by himself, and the other of twenty-five tons under the charge of his brother John, both vessels containing only seventy-five men and boys, was the force with which Drake set out to make reprisals on the most powerful nation in the world! He had three pinnaces in pieces ready framed on board, and was well provided with a year's provision, and such artillery and ammunition as he judged necessary for his undertaking.

The high land of America came in sight on the 2d of July, 1752.* Directing his course to Port Pheasant—which lay to the east of Nombre de Dios, “then the granary of the West Indies, wherein the golden harvest brought from Panama was hoarded up till it could be conveyed to Spain,” and from whose stores Drake hoped to enrich himself—he there landed. A smoke at a distance attracted his attention, and on ad-

vancing towards it he found a fire in the top of a high tree, and nailed to another tree of such girth that four men with outstretched arms could not embrace it, a plate of lead, with this warning engraved upon it: "Captain Drake, if you fortune to come into this port, make haste away, for the Spaniards which you had here last year have betrayed this place, and taken away all that you left here. I departed hence this present 7th of July, 1752.?" Your loving friend, John Garret." Though thus made aware of his danger, Drake still determined to build his pin-naces at this port. In seven days they were put together, and just as they were completed, an English barque from the Isle of Wight, James Rowse, captain, with thirty-eight men aboard, came into port, and being made acquainted with Drake's design, joined company.

A short voyage brought them to Nombre de Dios, which they approached by night, keeping close to the shore, intending to attack the town at daybreak. Overhearing his men muttering together formidable accounts of the strength of the place and the number of its inhabitants, Drake changed his resolution, and when the moon rose, he ordered his crew to their oars, and landed without opposition. While engaged in tumbling six large brass cannons into the

sea, the *single* gunner, to whose charge these had been left, alarmed the town, and the rattle of drums, the ringing of bells, and the shouts of the people soon told them that their landing was no longer unknown.

Not to be behind the Spaniards in alacrity, Drake now divided his men into two companies, and ordering drums to beat, and trumpets to sound, entered the town, which was unwallled, without difficulty. The English had fire-pikes in both their companies, which gave them light to discover every place, and frightened their enemies. They reached the market-place before they met with any opposition, but here they were saluted with a volley of shot, which being immediately answered by a flight of arrows, "the ancient English compliment," drove the Spaniards from the ground; the weapons which they threw away doing more hurt to the invaders than their hasty fire.

Making their way, by the direction of a poor Spaniard they had captured, to the governor's house, they found the door open, and entering the room where the silver the mules had brought from Panama was deposited, they found it heaped up in bars in such quantities as almost to exceed belief, the pile being, they conjectured, seventy feet in length, ten in breadth,

and twelve in height, each bar weighing between thirty and forty-five pounds. At the sight of such treasure the men thought of nothing but how to convey it to their boats. Drake, however, well knowing the danger they would be exposed to from the Spaniards, who he judged would soon re-assemble, prevented them from touching a single bar, promising to lead them to the king's treasure-house, where there was gold and jewels to far greater value, and where the treasure was not only more portable but nearer the coast. Thither then they proceeded, but found the place well secured.

"Now, my men," exclaimed Drake, "I have brought you to the mouth of the treasury of the world; if ye do not gain the treasure, none but yourselves are to be blamed. Courage, then, for if so bright an opportunity once setteth, it seldom riseth again."

Grasping his pike he stepped forward to animate them by his example to force the door, but suddenly he fell speechless and fainting to the ground. His companions then perceived a severe wound in his leg, which he had hitherto concealed lest his men should make their concern for his life a pretext for returning to their boats. They bound up the wound with a scarf, and cordials soon restored Drake to speech.

The loss of blood had, however, been so great, that all wondered that life could remain, the prints of his footsteps from the market-place being completely filled with blood. Concern for the life of their leader, made every one now feel disposed to return to their ship; Drake alone was unwilling to leave the enterprise incomplete. His men at length finding he would not be persuaded, "added force to their entreaties, and so carried him to his pinnace." Knowing that the Spaniards would discover their weakness by daylight, they made sail for a small island about a league distant, where they staid two days to repose their wounded men, and to regale themselves with the fruits which grew plentifully in its gardens.

A negro whom Drake had taken on board at Nombre de Dios, made him acquainted with the most wealthy settlements, and the weakest parts of the coast. Drake was not a man to be disheartened by one disappointment, and he resolved to attack Carthagena without delay. On entering the harbour he found at its mouth a frigate with only an old man on board, who informed him that a pinnace with sails and oars had passed an hour before, evidently carrying the news of his coming. Drake himself had heard the noise of cannon fired as a warning,

and now seeing the shipping drawn up under the walls of the castle, he felt that he was discovered, and that no attempt could be made with any hope of success. He, however, captured a ship of two hundred and forty tons, and two small frigates, on board of which he found letters from Nombre de Dios, intended to alarm all the coast.

Ships were now more abundant than men, and Drake finding his pinnaces badly manned, was very desirous of destroying one of the large vessels. He knew such a procedure would offend his company if done openly, he therefore hit upon an artifice which saved the exertion of an authority that would have lessened him in his men's esteem.

Sending for the carpenter of the Swan—the doomed vessel—he took him into his cabin. Then engaging him to secrecy, he desired him in the middle of the night to go down into the well of the ship, and bore three holes through the bottom, laying something against them to prevent the bubbling of the water from being heard. The man expostulated, but at last consented, and performed his promise next night.

Early in the morning, Drake got into his pinnace to go a-fishing, but first ordered his men to row up to the Swan.

“Good morrow, brother,” cried Drake, as he came alongside. “Won’t you join me in my sport?” Then laughing carelessly he continued, “but, methinks, while we have slept you have had better sport than I can offer you, for the Swan seems laden with Spanish silver.”

Looking over the side, his brother at once saw how deep his bark lay in the water, and immediately sent down the steward. As anticipated he brought up word that the ship was leaky, and in danger of sinking in a little time. The pumps were instantly manned, but at three in the afternoon the water still gained upon them, and then the crew very *willingly*, according to Drake’s advice, set the Swan on fire, and went on board the pinnaces.

Drake’s leg being quite healed, he opened up a communication with the Maroons—negroes who having escaped from slavery, had established themselves in small towns in the interior of the Isthmus of Darien. They had a chief, and could furnish seventeen hundred fighting men. From these people Drake learned the time when the treasure from Panama, was brought on mules to Nombre de Dios. With some of these men as his guides, Drake set out hoping to intercept a *recua*, as they called a party of mules thus laden. Their march lasted several days.

On their way they came to the top of a high hill, on whose summit grew an immense tree. Steps, it is said, were ready cut in its trunk, and thus easily ascending it, one of the chief Maroons led Drake to a kind of tower or harbour which had been made near its top "wherein twelve men might sit." From this eminence Drake had his first view of the great South Sea, on which no English vessel had yet been. At this sight he fell on his knees and besought God to grant him "life and leave once to sail an English ship in those seas."

Having come within view of Panama, they concealed themselves in a grove, and sent a Maroon, disguised as a negro of the town, to enquire on what night the mules would leave the city. The messenger brought back word that the treasurer of Lima would pass that night on his return to Europe, with eight mules laden with gold, and one with jewels.

Drake without delay marched his party towards Venta Cruz, the first town on the road to Nombre de Dios, and ordered his men to lie down among the long grass in two companies, one on each side of the road, and with one party a little in advance of the other, so as to prevent the escape of the mules by thus surrounding them at once.

In about an hour they began to hear the noise of the bells, with which the mules were always provided, in both directions. Drake gave orders that the troop travelling from Venta Cruz, should be allowed to pass unmolested, as it contained but little value. One of his men, however, who was intoxicated, marred the enterprise, for he rose up, and was observed by a horseman of the party, who rode hastily on and advised the treasurer to send back his richly laden mules, and suffer the rest only to proceed. On their appearance the English and Maroons rushed upon them, hoping to secure the wealth of the Indies, and great was their disappointment when they learned from the captive driver, that he had been sent forward to ascertain by a cheap experiment, whether any ambush was in the way.

Soon after fortune favoured Drake. Having concealed his men as before, they were not long before they heard "the sweet music of the mules coming with a great noise of bells." Two companies came in sight with no other protection than the muleteers, who mistrusting nothing, were taken by surprise and easily overcome. The captors took as much treasure as they could carry, and concealed several tons of silver. The drunkenness of one man again partially

spoiled this adventure, for, lagging behind, he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who compelled him by torture to discover where the silver had been buried, and when the English returned for a second load, it was almost all removed.

On reaching the coast where Drake had ordered his pinnaces to meet him, they were not to be seen. Seven Spanish pinnaces, however, were visible enough, evidently watching for the arrival of the English vessels. Drake was now afraid that his ships were lost. Still it was useless to remain where he was, so collecting the trees which the current of the river brought down, he formed them into a raft. A biscuit sack served for a sail, and a young tree, shaped roughly into a large oar, answered the purpose of a rudder. On this raft Drake with three others left the river, and ventured out to sea—the water at all times up to their waists, and at every billow reaching to their armpits. After sailing thus for six hours, they caught sight of their own pinnaces, which were running behind an intervening head-land, for shelter during the night. Gladly forcing their raft ashore, they crossed the narrow point and were joyfully received. They afterwards sailed round to the

river, and taking in their comrades with the treasure they had secured, rejoined the ships.

The English had now to take leave of their faithful allies, the Maroons. The iron of the pinnaces, which were all broken up, they esteemed as sufficient reward for their services, valuing it far more highly than the English did the gold they had obtained with so much peril. Drake desired Pedro, their captain, to go through the ship and choose what he most desired. A sword set with diamonds took his fancy, but well knowing the estimation in which it was held, and unwilling to ask for so valuable a present, he offered for it four large quoits or plates of gold. Drake desired him to accept the sword without recompence; but Pedro insisted on leaving the golden wedges. Finding that his resolution could not be changed, Drake threw the gold into the common stock, saying, "it was just that they who bore part of the charge in setting him to sea, should enjoy their full proportion of advantage at his return." A favourable wind springing up, in twenty-three days from Cape Florida, he arrived at Plymouth, August 9, 1573. It was a Sunday, and during service, but the church was immediately deserted, the people running out to welcome one who

was already regarded as the hero of that place.

In the early part of the year 1577, among a throng of lords, knights, and gentlemen in the anteroom of the presence chamber in the stately palace of Whitehall, there was one individual who attracted general attention. Though of short stature, his limbs were well set, firm and muscular. His dress was that which a private gentleman usually wore on such occasions—it was a levee day. Yet, although undistinguished by any honours, he was evidently no common personage. His features told the observer that their owner was possessed of quick penetration, and unflinching courage. Few of the courtiers knew him even by name, yet he was not without a friend, for at this moment he was engaged in animated conversation with Sir Christopher Hatton. Many had gathered round the two disputants—for their discourse had now assumed the character of a dispute—yet almost unconscious of the bystanders, each continued to ply his arguments, and the contest was nearly decided in favour of the stranger, when the signal was given by the usher to approach the royal presence.

Elizabeth's eye glanced approvingly on the

manly form before her, as presented by Sir Christopher, he knelt and respectfully kissed her hand. As he rose she took a sheathed sword of exquisite workmanship from the hands of an attendant :

“Receive this sword, Francis Drake,” said the queen, “and wear it till we require it of thee again. We do account that he that striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us !”

Thus assured of the sanction of his sovereign, Drake again set out, in the following November, to achieve his long cherished resolution of sailing on the South Sea. He had five vessels of different sizes well manned, to the number of one hundred and sixty-four men, gentlemen and sailors, and furnished with plentiful provision of all things necessary for so long and dangerous a voyage. As on his former expedition, he had several pinnaces in frames, which could readily be put together when required. “Nor did he omit,” says a writer of an account of this voyage, “to make provision for ornament and delight ; carrying to this purpose with him expert musicians, rich furniture (all the vessels for his table, yea, many belonging to the cook-room, being of pure silver), with divers shows of all sorts of curious workmanship, whereby the civility and magnificence of his native country might, among

all nations whither he should come, be the more admired."

Drake carefully concealed his destination, although he sailed at once in a southerly direction. After many adventures and many perils from the treachery of the natives of the different places at which he touched—having also been in great danger from a conspiracy among his own men, fortunately discovered before it ripened into action—the ships reached the Straits of Magellan. Drake was the second European who had attempted this passage, but happily escaping all its dangers, on September the 6th, 1578, he entered the South Sea.

The celebrated Spaniard, Balboa, had taken possession of this sea some time before, in a very singular manner. Arriving at its shore during ebb tide, he, with his comrades, patiently seated themselves till the returning tide reached them. Balboa then rose, fully armed, a sword in one hand, and in the other a banner bearing a figure of the Virgin, with the arms of Castille at her feet. Advancing into the waves till more than knee deep, he proclaimed aloud:—"Long live the high and mighty sovereigns of Castille ! Thus in their names do I take possession of these seas and regions ; and if any other prince, whether Christian or Infidel, pretend any right

to them, I am resolved and ready to oppose him, and to assert the just claims of my sovereigns !” The exclusive right of Spain to these seas was now about to be disputed.

As if the elements were in league with the “sovereigns of Castille,” a gale now blew from the north-east for nearly fifty-one days, during which one of the ships was obliged to bear away, and was never heard of again; while another, commanded by Captain Winter, after being separated and having sought her consorts in vain, returned to England. Drake himself was driven by the gale to the south, and when the storm ceased he anchored off Cape Horn. He was thus accidentally the discoverer of the “uttermost part of the land towards the South Pole—beyond which the Atlantic Ocean and the South Sea meet in a large and free scope.” Sailor-like, Drake landed, and lying flat on the ground, stretched himself as far as he could with safety over the promontory, and coming back, told his people that he had “been farther south than any man living.”

Drake then coasted northwards for nearly a month, hoping to recover his lost ships. Landing at an island on the coast of Peru to obtain some water, the natives, who at first had evinced a friendly disposition, suddenly attacked them,

and the consequences had well nigh been fatal, for the Indians discharged their arrows so truly, that, before they could retire or defend themselves, every one of the boat's crew was wounded—Drake himself receiving an arrow under his eye, which pierced him almost to the brain, and another in his head. Their surgeon was in Winter's ship, yet, though thus without proper aid, all recovered. Drake would not allow his men to revenge this unprovoked attack; "the poor creatures," said he, "have doubtless mistaken us for Spaniards, and as in that case they would have acted justifiably, it behoves me not to punish their offence."

On the last day of November they fell in with an Indian fishing in his canoe. Drake made him understand that they were in want of provisions; and desiring a boat to accompany him to the shore, several friendly natives in a short time brought a supply of fowls, eggs, and a fat hog. One of the natives, of apparent consequence, came on board. Felipe was this Indian's name. He spoke Spanish, and offered to pilot them to the port of Valparaiso, where he said they would find a richly laden Spanish ship. Under his conduct they came suddenly upon the Spaniards, who, having never seen an enemy in those seas, had not the slightest ex-

pectation of being thus surprised. This prize contained sixty thousand pieces of gold, a quantity of pearls, nearly two thousand jars of Chili wine, and some other merchandise. After liberally rewarding Felipe, they landed him at the point he chose, and continued their search along the coast for their missing vessels; having first put together one of their pinnaces, in order to explore the smallest creek.

Drake captured two other vessels before he reached the equator; but he was now looking out for a large and richly laden Spanish ship, of which he had intelligence. He had promised his chain of gold to the man who should first espy the hoped-for prize. On St. David's day a seaman, named John Drake, caught sight of the object of their long chase. The Golden Hind, as Drake had now named his vessel, sailed more slowly than suited his wishes, in consequence of being heavily laden in her forehold. To remedy this he caused a number of large pots, such as the Spaniards use for oil, to be filled with water and hung by ropes over the stern. But it was unnecessary to try to overtake the Spanish ship, for she steered directly for them, thinking Drake's vessel one of the ships which used to sail along the coast and traffic in the country. When close enough Drake ordered the Spaniard

to strike, and on refusal, a well-directed shot sent her mast overboard ; and the captain being wounded by an arrow, the ship then yielded. This proved indeed a rich prize. Gold, silver, and jewels, amounting in value to three hundred and sixty thousand pieces of gold, were found on board. The silver alone was valued at £212,000.

The only object of the English now was to convey their booty home in safety. Drake felt that it would be madness to attempt to return through the straits, as the whole coast of Chili and Peru was in alarm. His genius soon suggested a plan, which was to sail northwards and endeavour to discover, between America and Asia, a northern passage from the Pacific Ocean into the Atlantic. This being agreed to by all on board, the ship stood due north for nearly six weeks without sight of land. They had now arrived in the latitude of 38 degrees, and were suddenly benumbed with such cold blasts, that the men were scarcely able to handle the ropes. This cold increased upon them to such a degree, that the sailors were discouraged from mounting upon the deck. The ropes were stiffened with frost, and the meat could scarcely be conveyed from the cooking-place warm to the table. They could not long remain in this chilly region, and

having proceeded as far as 48 degrees without finding the wished-for outlet, they drew back ten degrees, and anchored near what is now called Cape Francisco. The natives, when they landed, took the strangers for gods, making loud outcries, the women at the same time tearing their cheeks and bosoms with their nails, and throwing themselves on the stones, till they were covered with blood—thus hoping to gain the favour of the imagined divinities. To convince these poor people of their error, Drake ordered his whole company to fall on their knees, and with eyes lifted to heaven, that the savages might observe that they worshipped a Being dwelling there, they joined in prayer for this harmless though deluded race. After this they sung psalms, which so pleased their wild audience, that at each subsequent visit the first request was that they would sing. A friendly intercourse was kept up during their stay, and when they resolved on departing, the poor natives could not forbear perpetual lamentations. As the ships sailed from the coast, the English could see the natives climbing the hills in order to keep them in view as long as possible.

The northern summer being now far advanced, the design of seeking a passage by the north of America was given up, and following the exam-

ple of Magellan, Drake steered direct for the Moluccas. Sixty-eight weary days they sailed without sight of land. They then reached some inhabited islands, which, from the conduct of the natives, they named the Islands of Thieves. At first they brought fruit, potatoes, and other provisions, and showed every wish to traffic: when they imagined they had thus lulled suspicion, they suddenly commenced an attack on the ship with large stones. A great gun fired over their heads made them instantly leap into the water, and hide themselves under their canoes. But soon reappearing and finding themselves uninjured, they became bolder than before, and "could not be got rid of till they were made to feel smart as well as terror." It is supposed that these were the Pelew Islands.

On the 3rd of November they came in sight of the Moluccas. Passing a little island, a boat came off, containing the viceroy of the place, who on learning that Drake was no friend to the Portuguese, invited him to alter his destination and go to Ternate, whence they had been driven out, instead of Tidore, where they had just taken up quarters. The ship was accordingly brought before Ternate, and Drake sending a rich velvet cloak as a present to the king, requested to be supplied with provisions, and

have leave to trade for spices. The king soon prepared to visit the ship. Four large canoes, in each of which was some of his greatest statesmen, "attired in white lawn cloth of Calicut, having over their heads from one end of the canoe to the other a covering of thin perfumed mats, borne up with a frame made of reeds for the same use, under which every one did sit in his order, according to his dignity, to keep him from the heat of the sun; divers of whom being of good age and gravity, did make an ancient and fatherly show. There were also divers young and comely men, attired in white as were the others. The rest were soldiers, which stood in comely order round about on both sides; without whom sat the rowers in certain galleries, which being three on a side all along the canoes, did lie off from the side thereof three or four yards, one being orderly builded lower than another, in every one of which galleries were the number of fourscore rowers. These canoes," continues this old narrator, "were furnished with warlike munition, every man, for the most part, having his sword and target, with his dagger, besides other weapons, as lances, calivers, darts, bows, and arrows; also every canoe had a small cast cannon, mounted at least one full yard upon a stock set upright. Thus coming

near the ship, they rowed about it, one after another, and passing by, did their homage with great solemnity, the great personages beginning with great gravity and fatherly countenance, signifying that the king had sent them to conduct the ship into a better road." Soon after the monarch arrived. Drake received him with a salute of great cannon, the trumpets sounding meanwhile. After a short visit he left, well pleased with his presents, as the ship dropped anchor, promising supplies of provisions, which were brought soon after in great abundance.

Numberless were the visitors who came on board the *Golden Hind* during her six days' stay at Ternate. One of these, dressed somewhat in European fashion, accompanied by an interpreter, soon distinguished himself by his civility and intelligence. He was a Chinese, and related, he said, to the family of the reigning emperor. Having been accused of a capital crime, he feared, although he knew himself to be guiltless, that at his trial he should be unable to make his innocence appear, and, therefore, obtained leave to go into exile. Still there was this condition, that, on bringing any intelligence of importance to his native country, he should again be permitted to dwell in the land of his birth; otherwise he must end his days in exile.

Now he considered himself a happy man, since he had seen and spoken to the English, for he hoped this would find favour in China. He entreated Drake to go thither with him, representing the favourable reception he would certainly receive, while at the same time it would restore an unfortunate exile to his own land. But Drake's business was to secure both the wealth and the glory which he had acquired, by returning home with as little delay as possible; and the poor Chinese departed sorrowfully, when he found that his persuasions could not succeed.

Being now well provisioned, and having taken as large a cargo of cloves as the diminished stowage of his ship permitted, Drake sailed. In a few days he reached a small uninhabited island, where he landed, and erecting a forge, caused the ship to be carefully repaired. On a neighbouring island, from which water for the use of the crew was obliged to be brought, they beheld every evening a sight which surprised and delighted them, which is thus described. "Among the trees, night by night, through the whole land, did show themselves an infinite swarm of fiery worms flying in the air, whose bodies being no bigger than our common English flies, make such a show and light, as if

every twig and tree had been a burning candle." This is a *traveller's* account of the now well known fire-fly.

Still sailing westerly, they came amongst so many small islands (the Celebes) surrounded by shoals, that they changed their direction and steered southward. Early in the morning of the 9th of January, 1579, the ship was scudding along under full sail, in an apparently clear sea, when suddenly she touched a rocky shoal, and the next instant was fast aground. Boats were got out to examine if an anchor could be placed in any direction, by which they might endeavour to draw the ship off into deep water; but at the distance of only a boat's length, no bottom could be found with all their lines. The ship had not become leaky in consequence of the shock; but she remained all night fixed, and another examination after daylight was as fruitless as the former. At four in the afternoon she was still firmly fixed. Drake, "as he had always hitherto shown himself courageous, and of a good confidence in the mercy and protection of God, so now he continued in the same; and lest he should perish wilfully, both he and his men did their best endeavours to save themselves. These endeavours were all vain; and it was to God's special merey that they were

alone beholden for their preservation, when no human effort could avail. In a state which was hopeless, as well as helpless, the crew were summoned to prayers; and when that duty was performed, they tried what could be done by lightening the ship. Three tons of cloves were thrown out, eight of the guns, and a quantity of meal and pulse; but none of the treasure, though that was the heaviest part of the cargo. No visible effect was produced. The ship had grounded on a shelving rock; where she lay there was on one side only six feet depth at low water, and to float her it required thirteen. The wind, blowing fresh directly against the other side, kept her upright during the time she was left by the tide; but when it was nearly at the lowest the wind slackened, and the ship losing this prop fell toward the deep water: her keel with the shake was freed from the rocks; and not less to the surprise than to the joy of every one aboard, sliding gently down, she was once more afloat. Thus were they delivered at the very time when the tide was least favourable, and when all efforts were thought useless."

A long voyage was still before them, but it proved free from any of the perils which had hitherto menaced them. After touching at Java, Drake steered for the Cape of Good Hope,

which the sailors judged "a most stately thing, and the fairest cape they had seen in the whole circumference of the earth." Landing at Sierra Leone they supplied themselves with water, and on the 26th of September, after a voyage of two years and ten months, arrived at Plymouth. By the ship's reckoning it was Monday, but to their surprise they found it was Sunday in England. This phenomenon is now well understood, but the space of our narrative will not permit a full explanation. It is, however, always found that in sailing, as Drake did, from east to west, and thus in the direction of the sun's course, a day is always gained when the circumference of the earth has been travelled; and, on the contrary, in sailing from west to east, against the course of the sun, a day is invariably lost. A chapter in the first series of Captain Basil Hall's "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," entitled "Jack Afloat," furnishes an excellent explanation.

Drake was received in England with delight; and on repairing to court he met with a most gracious reception. Queen Elizabeth ordered his ship to be drawn into a small creek near Deptford, that it might be preserved as a monument of the most memorable voyage the English had yet performed. Soon after she paid it a



"ARISE, SIR FRANCIS DRAKE."

visit, and honoured Drake by partaking of a banquet on board.

“Francis Drake,” said the Queen, when the feast was ended, “we entrusted a sword to thy keeping till we demanded it of thee again. We now require thee to deliver it up in the manner in which thou receivedst it from our hands.”

Kneeling before the Queen, Drake presented the weapon in its scabbard. Elizabeth took it and glancing carelessly at the sheath, drew it gradually, examining the blade carefully.

“’Tis a sword that might serve thee yet, Drake!” she remarked, “although thou hast carried it round the globe. But ere we return it to thee it must render us a service—” and stepping back a pace the next instant the sword smote the navigator’s shoulder, while the Queen continued—“Rise up, Sir Francis Drake!”

A burst of applause from the crowd of spectators which had assembled on the bridge of planks over which the queen and her retinue had passed to the ship, showed their joy at the elevation of their favourite hero. Suddenly the shout changed into a scream of terror. With a loud crash the bridge gave way, and more than a hundred persons fell to the ground. This was a bad omen, but although there were numerous sprains and bruises, yet none suffered any serious injury.

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The Golden Hind remained at Deptford until quite decayed. It was then broken up; and from the soundest plank a chair was made and presented to the University of Oxford.

The new dignity which had been conferred on Drake, made it necessary for him to assume a coat of arms. As neither he nor his family had kept a careful pedigree, it became a matter of some difficulty. At last he decided on appropriating those of a family of the same name, but as he could not make out his descent from that family, this act was considered an offence by its representative, Bernard Drake. Although a sea-captain himself, he did not consider that the name of Sir Francis Drake would render his genealogical tree more illustrious than ever. Meeting the knight at court he accosted him angrily, and at length struck him a blow. Had this outrage been offered in any other place than the Queen's palace, the worst consequences must have followed. But the queen, hearing of it, put an end to the dispute by giving Sir Francis a new coat of arms, far nobler than that of his irritable namesake if not quite so ancient.

Idleness was not congenial to Drake, nor could such a man have been suffered to remain

idle had his nature so disposed him. Philip, king of Spain, having laid an embargo on all English ships, goods, and subjects in his dominions, Elizabeth authorised all who had suffered by this measure to repair their loss by seizing all ships and merchandise belonging to Spain, wherever they could find them; and not staying till the war, which she knew would ensue, was brought to her own doors, she fitted out an expedition of twenty-five sail and pinnaces, and appointed Sir Francis admiral. Success every where attended him, and Philip received such a check that he was obliged to delay his intended invasion of England, in consequence of the number of ships which Drake sunk, burned, or carried away with him. In the mirthful spirit of a sailor Sir Francis called this service "singeing the king of Spain's beard." On his return, he applied the chief share of his prize-money to the bringing a supply of fresh water into Plymouth, for till that time the inhabitants had been obliged to procure it from the distance of a mile.

Fitz-Geoffrey, a poet of that age, has celebrated this local patriotism of Drake, and his character generally at this time, in the following strains :—

Like as abroad with unresisted arms,
He tamed his foes' proud insultations ;
Even so at home with lenity he charms
His jarring friends' discordant passions ;
Rescuing the poor from proud vexations.
So all his life he made a warfare long,
Abroad 'gainst enemies, at home 'gainst wrong.

In war he strove (and striving still did gain)
To vanquish all with never daunted might ;
In peace he sought (and seeking did obtain)
All to excel in equity and right ;
A justicer in peace, in war a knight.
Though hard it were for him that might take ease,
Scipio to be in war, Cato in peace.

The poet then, after hinting at the exploits of Hercules, proceeds to compare Drake with that hero of antiquity.

Equal to Hercules in all save vice,
Drake of his country hath deserved grace ;
Who by his industry and quaint device
Enforced a river to leave his native place,
Teaching his streams to run an uncouth race.
How could a simple current him withstand,
Who all the mighty ocean did command ?

Now Plymouth (great in nothing save renown,
And therein greater far because of Drake,)
Seems to disdain the title of a town,
And looks that man for city her should take,
So proud her patron's favour doth her make ;

As those whom princes' patronage extolled,
Forget themselves, and what they were of old.

Her now bright face, once loathsomely defiled,
He purged and cleanséd with a wholesome river;
Her whom her sister-cities late reviled,
Upbraiding her with her unsavoury savour,
Drake of this obloquy doth now deliver:
That if all poets' pens concealed his name,
The waters' glide should still record the same.

The post of vice-admiral was assigned to Drake in the fleet, which aided by the winds and waves, totally vanquished and dispersed the "invincible" armada. Six years after he and Sir John Hawkins were sent with a fleet against the West Indies. Their chief exploit was the entire destruction of Nombre de Dios; but the voyage was not on the whole successful. This and "the sickly climate, given to much rain," made Sir Francis ill in mind and body, and he was obliged to keep his cabin. Early in the morning of the 27th of January, 1597, he rose and dressed himself, but his incoherent speeches shewed how little he was master of his faculties, and being put to bed again, he died within an hour. He received a sailor's funeral. His body was placed in a leaden coffin,—the impressive service of the church of England was then read over it—and at the appointed signal

it was committed to the deep, amid volleys of musketry and a discharge of all the guns of the fleet. Instead of an epitaph, these lines were written on him:—

Where Drake first found, there last he lost his name,
And for a tomb, left nothing but his fame.
His body's buried under some great wave;
The sea, that was his glory, is his grave;
On whom an epitaph none can truly make,
For who can say, '*here* lies Sir Francis Drake!'

Many superstitious fables relating to Drake, sprung up among the common people of that age. The general belief among the west country people was, that he had supplied Plymouth with water—not through his skill as an engineer, and a generous outlay of wealth which he had obtained at the hazard of his life—but by mounting his horse—riding about Dartmoor till he found a spring which pleased him—and then wheeling round, on pronouncing some magical words, the stream formed a channel after his horse's heels as he galloped back, and followed him into the town.

Another of these traditions relates that when the news arrived that the Spanish Armada had entered the British Channel, Drake was playing at skittles on the Hoe at Plymouth. Although

he was told the enemy was sailing into the harbour, he played out his game without showing any surprise. Then calling for a block of wood and a hatchet, he bared his arms, and chopping the block into very small pieces, cast these into the sea. Immediately each *chip* became a fine *ship*, and by this fleet the enemy was defeated.

In those days it was not thought possible to make a voyage round the world by plain sailing. The earth was supposed to be flat, and that a great gulf, which it was necessary to shoot across, was the sole passage to the other side. Having shot this gulf, one day, Drake asked if any of his men knew where they were. None replied except a boy, who answered that he knew that at the time they were just under London bridge. Jealous of his knowledge, Drake threw him overboard, exclaiming, "hast thou, too, a devil? If I let thee live there will then be one greater man than myself!"

On embarking for this long voyage, another story says that Sir Francis, when taking leave of his wife, told her that after a certain number of years, if he returned not, she might consider him as dead; and gave her leave then to wed another husband. Many offers were made to Madam Drake, but till the term had expired she listened to none. One of Drake's ministering sprites at

last brought the news that his wife had accepted an offer, and was now on the road to church. Instantly loading one of his great guns, he fired it right down through the globe with so true an aim, that it came up on the other side in the church, between the two parties most concerned, just as the marriage service was beginning. "That comes from Drake!" cried the wife to her intended bridegroom, "and while he lives there must be neither troth nor ring between thee and me!" Another version states that on the road to church, a huge round stone fell on the train of the intended bride, who, exclaiming it came from her husband, immediately turned back. The stone, it is related, still remains where it fell, for although it has often been removed, it returns to the same spot, no person knows how.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BIRTH—EARLY INCLINATION FOR AN ACTIVE LIFE—BECOMES ONE OF A GALLANT BAND—LEGEND OF THE MUDDY CLOAK—RALEIGH RISES IN FAVOUR WITH ELIZABETH WHO KNIGHTS HIM—RALEIGH'S STUDY—RALEIGH'S FIRST PIPE IN ENGLAND—SOWING GUNPOWDER—WEIGHING SMOKE—A WITTY BEGGAR—A QUEEN'S JEALOUSY—RALEIGH'S FIRST CAPTIVITY—RESTORED TO FAVOUR—EXPEDITION AGAINST SPAIN—RIVALRY OF ESSEX—AN AWKWARD KNIGHT—THE "BOY" YEOMAN—RALEIGH'S SPLENDOUR IN DRESS—JAMES I—RALEIGH TRIED FOR HIGH TREASON—DEFENCE—SENTENCED TO DEATH—"THE PILGRIMAGE"—REPRIEVED AND SENT TO THE TOWER—RALEIGH'S STUDIES, COMPANIONS, AND AMUSEMENTS—MEANNESS OF JAMES—LIBERATION OF RALEIGH—VOYAGE TO GUIANA—OLD SENTENCE REVIVED AGAINST RALEIGH—WARRANT FOR EXECUTION—PARTING WITH LADY RALEIGH—VERSES WRITTEN BY RALEIGH IN HIS BIBLE—THE SCAFFOLD—A VENERABLE SPECTATOR—THE LAST SCENE—YOUNG RALEIGH AT COURT.

A PLEASANT farm, called Hayes, in Devonshire, became in the year 1552, the birth place of Sir Walter Raleigh. His family was one of ancient gentility, and his father, Walter Raleigh, Esq. gained some distinction as a naval officer during the reign of Queen Mary. Raleigh seems to have inherited from his father a turn for a sea-faring life, and Hayes being only three or four miles from the coast, was a circumstance which

tended to foster his passion for maritime enterprise.

The year of Raleigh's birth was the closing one of the brief life of Edward VI. During the reign of Mary, he was either receiving his early education under his father's roof, or in some school in the neighbourhood. When still very young, he was sent to Oriel College, Oxford, but a restlessness of disposition prompted him to seek distinction in active life rather than in the cloisters of a college, so that his stay proved very short. His wit, and the genius he already displayed, attracted, however, the notice of Lord Bacon, who has remarked these qualities in one of his works.

At the age of seventeen he went to France, to commence his military education, the civil wars between the Huguenots and the Romanists being then at their height; and as one of a gallant company of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, who went under the sanction of Elizabeth to the aid of the persecuted Protestants, Raleigh remained in France, till the peace of 1576. He next served in the Netherlands against Spain, and then distinguished himself in the suppression of the rebellion in Ireland. He returned to England with an established reputation for valour and experience, when little more than

five-and-twenty. The court of Elizabeth was at this time in its meridian splendour, so that it is not to be wondered at that Raleigh should at first be unregarded by the side of the renowned statesmen, poets, philosophers, and favourites of the queen. But a circumstance soon brought him into notice.

Queen Elizabeth's favourite mode of taking an airing, was in sailing on the river Thames. Almost daily, when the weather was favourable, seated in a splendid barge, surrounded by her ladies, nobles, and officers, she was seen floating in state on its mighty bosom. One morning the barge had approached the landing-place—the queen had stepped out and followed by her usual retinue, proceeded towards the palace. A heavy rain had fallen, and the ground being still moist, the queen at one spot hesitated a moment to advance. Casting off a richly embroidered cloak, which he then wore, Raleigh stepped forward and gracefully spread it on the ground before the queen. Elizabeth coloured; then glancing for an instant at the noble figure of the young soldier to whom she was indebted for so fair a foot-cloth, she passed over it and proceeded on her way. On reaching the palace, Raleigh was immediately summoned to the royal presence, and taken into the service of Elizabeth.

He was handsome, and such men the queen loved to have about her person ; while the sacrifice of his gorgeous mantle, made as it was with an air of feeling and gallantry, was well calculated to surprise and delight this princess. Raleigh soon rose into high favour at court. An expedition which he fitted out at his own expense, discovered and took possession in the name of England, of that portion of America called Virginia, a name bestowed upon that country by Elizabeth, in allusion to herself. Soon after this Raleigh was knighted—a dignity which the queen throughout her reign reserved as the highest distinction which could be conferred upon a warrior and a gentleman.

The new colony furnished a plant which before this time was not known in England. Sir Walter had seen *tobacco* in use during his residence in France, and hearing that it grew plentifully in Virginia, he directed a cargo of it to be brought in the ships on their voyage home.

Raleigh's study was a specimen of its owner's highly cultivated taste. It was in a little turret of Durham House, overlooking the Thames, commanding some of its finest views. Though small, its furniture was costly, and it was adorned with rare paintings and curiosities from

every quarter of the globe. Books on every subject in literature and science filled the shelves; each of which would be now a treasure beyond price. Here would Raleigh retire from the parade of a ceremonious court, and—whether his mind were jaded by the idle pomps in which he had to bear a conspicuous part, or whether he were disappointed in any object of ambition—*here* he found resources which never failed him in useful, learned, or elegant studies. From mathematics to poetry; from metaphysics to music; from ornamental gardening or painting, to researches in history or antiquities—his intervals of leisure were fully occupied; while he ever maintained his intercourse with the world, and kept a vigilant eye on every movement in the English and foreign courts, ready to avail himself of any new avenue to renown.

One day a long silver pipe was added to the furniture of Raleigh's retreat. Its use puzzled every head among the domestics, until a servant bringing in a tankard of ale and nutmeg, found Raleigh intent upon a book, but at the same time regaling himself with his pipe. Seeing the smoke issuing from his mouth, the servant, imagining Raleigh to be on fire, in a great fright dashed the liquor in his face, and running down stairs, filled the house with piercing cries

that before any help could be rendered his master would be burned to ashes !

Though the zeal of this faithful retainer may now raise a smile, his conduct was not more strange than might have been expected. Curious mistakes always accompany the introduction of any new thing. The Virginians themselves, who furnished the tobacco, during a quarrel with the English seized a quantity of gunpowder. This they at once sowed as though it had been grain, fully expecting at harvest time to reap a plentiful crop of combustion, with which to destroy their enemies !

His pipe often furnished Raleigh with an opportunity of displaying his ready wit to the queen. One day he was conversing on the singular properties of the new herb :—“ I can assure your majesty,” said he, “ that I have so well experienced the nature of it, that I can exactly tell even the weight of the smoke in any quantity I consume.”

“ I doubt it much, Sir Walter,” replied Elizabeth, thinking only of the impracticability of weighing smoke in a balance, “ and will wager you twenty angels that you do not solve my doubt.”

A quantity was agreed upon to be thoroughly smoked. Carefully preserving the ashes, Raleigh

weighed these with great exactness, and what was deficient in the original weight he gave as the result:—

“Your majesty,” said he, “cannot deny that the difference hath been evaporated in smoke.”

“Truly I cannot,” answered the queen. Then turning to those around her, who had been amused by Raleigh’s calculation, she continued in allusion to the alchemists, then very numerous, “many labourers in the fire have I heard of who have turned their gold into smoke, but Raleigh is the first who hath turned smoke into gold.”

The Earl of Essex is well known as Elizabeth’s chief favourite. The Earl of Leicester, who had shared the queen’s notice with him; had lately died, and Essex became doubly jealous of Raleigh. It is said that he now brought the queen’s displeasure on Raleigh, so that he was obliged to leave the court for a time. He paid a visit to Ireland, and remained there till Elizabeth’s anger passed away. It was of short continuance, for early in 1590 he was again in high favour. His revived influence he benevolently employed. He saved from death a minister, whose zeal in reforming church matters had brought down the vengeance of the bishops and judges. He also interceded for a brave officer,

who had been severely wounded in her majesty's service, and from whom the government withheld a large sum justly due to him. "When, Sir Walter," impatiently demanded the queen, a little irritated by these and similar applications, when one day he told her he had a favour to ask, "When, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?"

"When your majesty ceases to be a benefactor," was Raleigh's happy answer.

But Raleigh was soon to feel another outbreak of Elizabeth's anger.—One of this queen's foibles was to insist that the whole admiration of her courtiers should be concentrated on herself. Any lady or officer of her court who might interfere with this whim, was certain of her severest displeasure. She once so far lost command over herself as to strike, in public, a beautiful lady to whom the Earl of Essex had shown some attention.—Raleigh had fallen in love—and this soon reaching the queen's ears, he and his mistress, Miss Throgmorton, were at once committed to the tower. Raleigh, however, knew Elizabeth's weakness, and though his conduct on this occasion appears rather servile, the stratagem he employed was, perhaps, the only means of regaining his liberty. Knowing

that his conduct would be reported to Elizabeth, he quarrelled and fought like a madman with his keeper, Sir George Carew, for denying him a sight of the queen, who was paying a visit near the Tower. He also wrote a letter to Cecil, in which he described the woe he felt in not seeing her whom he "was wont to behold riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph, sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometime singing like an angel." This gross flattery was not too great for Elizabeth, now nearly sixty, and as his reward Raleigh was set free. Still for some time he was treated like a state criminal, and had a keeper constantly attending him; so that when congratulated on his release, he replied, "I am still the Queen of England's poor captive."

During the next four years Raleigh's fortune still continued under an eclipse, although he served as member of parliament, and afterwards undertook an expedition to Guiana on his own account. On his return he was the means of reconciling Essex and Cecil, who had quarrelled, and his good offices on this occasion readmitting him to court, once more we find him

established in the office of captain of the guard, riding abroad with the queen, and being present in her privy-council.

Philip II of Spain, it will be remembered, was the king who fitted out the Armada which some years before this time had threatened England. He was still determined on invading our country, but after collecting a large fleet the elements were once more against him, and thirty-six of his ships were dashed to pieces. Still undaunted he fitted out a third armament in a few months, and, it is said, intended to invade England and Ireland at the same time. Elizabeth resolved to prevent his descent, by meeting him on the open seas. The Earl of Essex was appointed commander of an expedition of one hundred and twenty sail; Lord Thomas Howard being vice-admiral, and Raleigh rear-admiral.

Through false information the fleet first sailed to the Isle of Flores, one of the Azores, but not finding the enemy there, they resolved to divide their force and attack at the same time several of the Spanish forts. Essex bore away for Fayal, and soon after sent a summons to Raleigh to follow him. This he obeyed instantly, but being unable to overtake his leader, he steered a straight course for Fayal, and came in sight next

morning. While waiting for the appearance of Essex he determined to land and fill his water casks; but on the boats approaching the shore, a strong body of Spaniards filled the trenches, and waving their colours and brandishing their weapons, dared the English to the attack. Raleigh now increased his party to two hundred men, and ordering the pinnaces to play their heavy ordnance on the trenches, he directed his boats to pull as fast as oars could carry them, led his own barge amid showers of shot, then leaping out, waded through the water, and clambering up the rocks, cut his way at the head of his men through the narrow entrance, attacking the enemy with such resolution that they threw away their arms and fled. Having completed the landing he determined to gain possession of the town. He ordered some sergeants and musketeers to proceed and view the enemy's lines, but these were so afraid of the batteries—one of which commanded the road—that they declined the service.

“Bring me my casque and cuirass,” cried Raleigh, “and although it is rather the duty of a common soldier than a commander, I will ascertain the approaches to the hill myself.”

At first this was taken for a jest, but in spite of remonstrances he placed himself at the head

of his men, and proceeded to observe the town. The shot and stones from the battered walls flew thickly about while engaged in this service—his clothes were pierced in several places, but he remained unhurt. The first attack had, however, so disheartened the Spaniards that, when Raleigh summoned his companies to come up to attack the fort, they abandoned it without resistance; and, on marching onward to the town, it was found also deserted. Thus, with the loss of ten men, and twenty wounded, Sir Walter rendered himself master of the whole island.

Early the next morning Essex' fleet was seen bearing in full sail to the roads. The jealousy of the Earl showed itself on this occasion; but on Raleigh relating the matter to him, and convincing him that at first there were no serious intentions of attacking the town till his arrival, he became pacified.

This Earl was of a noble and generous temper, but extremely jealous. Great rejoicings were held on the queen's birthdays; and in the tournaments celebrated on these occasions, at which Elizabeth presided, Raleigh generally carried off some mark of the Royal favour. One birthday the Earl learned that Raleigh had prepared a pageant in which he and his followers

were to appear in plumes of orange-tawney feathers. He arranged so that at the same moment he entered the barriers at the head of two hundred cavaliers, superbly armed, each with an orange plume. Sir Walter and his followers were thus scarcely observed, but seemed merely to be under the banner of this nobler troop. When, however, the tilting came, the Earl ran so ill that all eyes were attracted to his failure. Sir Walter soon saw his rival renounce the orange-tawney in which he had gained so little honour. Essex reappeared in a green suit; but his success was equally lamentable.

"Why," asked one of the spectators, "hath this tilter, who seems to be known in both habits, changed his colours?"

"Surely," answered his neighbour, ironically, "because it may be reported that there was one in green who ran worse than he in orange colour."

Raleigh continued in high favour with the queen, who now promoted him to the government of Jersey. His minute attention to Elizabeth's tastes was the great secret of her partiality to him, while the gracefulness of his person was no mean recommendation; for, as related above, the queen liked to have proper men about her

court. The following anecdote shews that Raleigh studied the queen's wishes in this respect.

There came a country gentleman, or yeoman as he was then called, up to town, who had several sons; but one, a very handsome fellow, he hoped to have preferred to be a yeoman of the guard. The father, a goodly man himself, came to Sir Walter, and told him he had brought up a boy that he would desire (having many children) should be one of her Majesty's guard.

"Had you spoken for yourself," quoth Raleigh, "I should readily have granted your desire, for your person deserves it; but I put in no boys."

Without replying, the father went towards the door, and beckoning his son, said, "Boy, come in." The son entered, a youth about eighteen or nineteen, but such a goodly proper young fellow, that he was taller than any of the guard. Sir Walter swore him in immediately, and ordered him to carry up the first fish at dinner, when, it is said, "the queen beheld him with admiration, as if a beautiful young giant, like Saul, taller by the head and shoulders than other men, had stalked in with the service."

Raleigh was very magnificent in his own dress: thus also gratifying Elizabeth's passion

for finery. At the tournaments he wore a suit of silver armour, his sword-hilt and belt being studded with diamonds, pearls, and rubies. On state occasions, his court dress was covered with jewels, said to be of the value of £60,000; while even his shoes glittered with precious stones. Thus splendidly attired, he attended his royal mistress, as captain of her guard, on her frequent visits to the mansions of her nobility.

But Raleigh had to experience a reverse of fortune on the death of Elizabeth. King James from the first seemed prejudiced against him, and, having needy favourites, soon deprived him of his post of captain of the guard. Other offices were gradually withdrawn from him; while, in less than three months from James's accession, his enemies involved him in a charge of treason. He was accused of being in secret communication with the king of Spain, and having a design to subvert the existing government and place the crown on the head of Lady Arabella Stewart. The principal evidence brought in proof of these charges was that of Lord Cobham; but this nobleman afterwards denied all that he had alleged at first against him. Notwithstanding, after a long trial, during which he suffered many indignities, the jury

And I there will sweetly kiss
The happy bowl of peaceful bliss,
Drinking mine eternal fill,
Flowing on each milky hill,
My soul will be a-dry before ;
But after, it will thirst no more.

In that happy blissful day
More peaceful pilgrims shall I see,
That have doft their rags of clay,
And walk apparell'd fresh like me,
I'll take them first
To slake their thirst,
And then taste of nectar suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles, and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then those holy paths we'll travel,
Strew'd with rubies thick as gravel ;
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers,
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl,—
No conscience molten into gold ;
No forged accuser bought or sold ;
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the king's attorney ;
Who pleads for all without degrees,—
And he hath angels—but no fees ;

And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death; and then we live.
Be Thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou givest salvation even for alms,
Not with a bribéd lawyer's palms.
Then this is mine eternal plea,
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea;
Seeing my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke of death, my arms being spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head,
So shall I ready, like a palmer fit,
Tread those blessed paths shown in thy Holy Writ.

But Raleigh's time to die had not yet arrived. After being warned to prepare for execution, the king suddenly sent a reprieve, and Raleigh was remanded to the Tower. His wife and son were permitted to be with him in prison, and his youngest son Carew, to whom allusion will afterwards be made, was born within the fortress. Raleigh was allowed two servants and a boy, and three or four of his friends were occasionally admitted to see him. Now at the age of fifty-one, still vigorous in mind and body, he had entirely to forego active life, and commence the life of a prisoner. His manly and cheerful

disposition enabled him soon to reconcile himself, in a great measure, to his change of situation. Those studies which had before been pursued in short intervals of leisure only, now occupied nearly all his time. Here he began and completed his great work, the "History of the World." A small house in the Tower garden he fitted up as a laboratory, and spent much time in distillations. Thus, between his family, his books, his experiments, and the visits of his friends, time glided on in progressive knowledge and contentment. But his enemies would not let him rest. They had determined to work his ruin, and the capricious mind of James was easily influenced against him. The seal of the high public offices he had held under Elizabeth, was first demanded of him, and immediately given up. Then his estate of Sherborne, in which the king had given him a life-rent, was through a slight flaw or quibble, declared to be forfeited to the crown. Lady Raleigh, a woman of high spirit and devoted affection, threw herself on her knees before James, and implored him not to forget that most glorious attribute of a king—mercy. It was in vain—James answered coldly—"I maun have the land—I maun have it for Carr." She could



RALEIGH IN THE WHITE TOWER

no longer contain herself, and in bitterness of spirit prayed that God would punish those cruel and unjust persons, who had brought ruin on her husband and his house.

Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, who had been Raleigh's great enemy, at last died, and the rise of a new favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, encouraged Sir Walter again to petition for release. By the interest of the Duke he was liberated. Immediately on finding himself free he set about an expedition to Guiana, to work a gold mine which in his former visit he had partially discovered. Through the blackest treachery on the part of Spain the enterprise failed, and he was obliged to return empty-handed to England. This led James, who had expected an addition to his revenue, to awaken the resentment he had always felt towards Raleigh, who was placed in arrest on his return to Plymouth, to answer for an attack on the Spaniards, which had been accidental, and against his orders. Twice he resolved on attempting to escape; yet, after getting beyond danger, his consciousness of innocence induced him to return before he was missed. On a third occasion he was betrayed by two spies who had been placed near him, and had pretended great

friendship towards him. He was immediately sent to the Tower—there to spend his third and last season of imprisonment.

The old sentence passed on him fifteen years before for high treason, was now revived against him. He pleaded that he had since been commissioned by his majesty, and had had the power of life and death in his own hands, and that surely, therefore, *that* judgment had been remitted. As, however, there had been no special pardon, this plea could not avail, and once more “Execution was granted;” the ignominious death by hanging being dispensed with—he was ordered to be beheaded.

Raleigh requested that a little time might be given him to arrange his affairs and settle his mind for death; but this favour was not granted. On the 28th of October he had been brought up for trial, and on returning to prison he was told the execution must take place next morning at nine o’clock! Such was the indecent haste to which a heartless king doomed his unfortunate subject.

It was at midnight that his wife left his prison; for Raleigh had yet much to do during the few brief hours left him. On parting she told him, while her tears gushed fast, that the

favour of disposing of his body had been granted her.

“It is well, Bess,” he answered, smiling, “that thou mayst dispose of that dead, thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive.”

Sir Walter next wrote a paper, which he entitled, “AN ANSWER TO SOME THINGS AT MY DEATH,” in which he solemnly cleared himself of the accusations brought against him. Then having made a few notes of the different subjects on which to address the people, if allowed to speak on the scaffold, he took his Bible, and wrote on a blank leaf the following beautiful and affecting lines:

E'en such is Time ! who takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days !
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord will raise me up, I trust.”

At an early hour in the morning he received the holy sacrament from the hands of the Dean of Westminster, professing his deep trust in the Saviour, and forgiving all men, especially those who had betrayed him to death. Of the mode

in which he was to die he made light. "I would rather thus end my days," said he, "than by a burning fever; and I thank God who hath imparted to me strength of mind never to fear death."

Raleigh then took breakfast heartily. Afterwards, as was his custom, he smoked a pipe of tobacco, drinking at the same time a cup of sack. On being asked if it pleased him, "Aye," answered he, "'tis a good drink if a man might tarry by it." He now retired for a while to arrange his dress, his usually splendid attire being exchanged for a plain mourning suit of black satin, over which was thrown a black velvet night gown. Though enfeebled by sickness, his appearance was still striking and noble.

Nine o'clock had nearly arrived when Raleigh declared himself ready. The place of execution was the Old Palace Yard. Thither he was led by the Sheriffs of London, accompanied by the Dean of Westminster. A vast multitude had assembled, and among the many who pushed forward to see him, Sir Walter especially noticed a venerable old man, his head entirely bald, striving to press nearer to him.

"Dost thou want aught with me, my friend," enquired Raleigh.

"My only desire is to see thee, Sir Walter,"

replied the old man, "and to pray God for thee."

"I thank thee heartily, my good friend," said Raleigh; "sorry am I that I stand in no case to return thee anything for thy good will. Yet," continued he, looking at the uncovered bald head, "take this night-cap," removing the velvet one he wore under his hat, "thou hast more need of it now than I have."

The pressure of the crowd had become so great, that before he reached the scaffold he had nearly swooned away. On coming to the steps he recovered, and though faint from sickness, he mounted them easily, saluting those who stood near with his usual graceful courtesy. Silence being obtained, he addressed the assemblage with animation in a masterly speech, in which, while he admitted some slight charges that had been brought against him, he still maintained, that though about to die by course of law, he was innocent of all treason in heart or conduct. "It is now no time," said he, "to fear or flatter kings. I am now a subject of death, and have only to do with my God, in whose presence I stand; and I do now here solemnly declare I never spake disloyally or dishonestly of the king."

When he had concluded, he embraced the

lords and others of his friends who were present, entreating Lord Arundel to use his influence with the king that no defamatory writings against him might be published after his death. The Dean asked him in what faith he died;—"In the faith professed by the Church of England," he answered, "hoping to be saved and to have my sins washed away by the precious blood and merits of our Saviour Christ." The morning being cold, the sheriff now offered to bring him down to warm himself by the fire, before he should say his prayers. "No, good Mr. Sheriff," said he, "let us despatch, for within this quarter of an hour my ague will come upon me, and if I be not dead before that, my enemies will say I quake for fear." Then, kneeling, he made a fervent and admirable prayer, after which, rising with his hands still clasped, he exclaimed, "Now I am going to God."

The scaffold was soon cleared. Throwing off his gown and doublet, he bade the executioner show him the axe. This not being done immediately, he repeated his request urgently. "I prithee," said he, "let me see it. Dost thou think I am afraid of it?" Taking it in his hand, he kissed the blade, and passing his finger

slightly along the edge, observed to the sheriff, "'Tis a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." Then returning to a corner of the scaffold, and kneeling down, he requested the people to pray for him. After remaining a considerable time engaged in silent devotion, he rose and carefully examined the block, "laying himself down to fit it to his neck, and to choose the easiest and most decent attitude." Having satisfied himself he rose and declared himself ready.

The executioner now came forward, and kneeling, asked his forgiveness.

"Be satisfied," said Raleigh, smilingly, laying his hand on his shoulder; "I most cheerfully forgive thee; only strike not till I give the signal, and then fear nothing, but strike home."

Once more he lay down on the block. It was suggested to him to place himself so that his face should look towards the east: "Little matters it," he answered, "how the head lies, provided the heart is right." For a little while he was occupied in prayer, and then gave the signal. Whether from awkwardness or agitation, the executioner hesitated. Partially raising his head, Raleigh said aloud, "What dost thou fear? strike, man!"

The axe then fell, and at two strokes the head was severed from the body. Raleigh shrunk not, nor altered his position. The quantity of blood which gushed forth shewed the vigour of Sir Walter's constitution, although, when he suffered, he was in his sixty-sixth year.

The head, after being as usual held up to the view of the people on each side of the scaffold, was put into a red bag, over which Sir Walter's velvet gown was thrown. The whole was immediately carried to a mourning coach which was in waiting, and conveyed to Lady Raleigh. This faithful and affectionate woman, though she survived him twenty-nine years, never married again. The head she had embalmed, and preserved it in a case which she kept with pious care till her death.

Some years afterwards Raleigh's only surviving son, Carew, was introduced at court. King James no sooner perceived him than, turning away, he exclaimed, remorsefully, "The lad looks like his father's ghost." At the advice of his friends, Carew did not again present himself, but retired to the Continent till the death of James. Miss Louisa S. Costello has thus well described this meeting of the monarch and Carew Raleigh:—

YOUNG RALEIGH AT COURT.

King James in regal state was throned,
But all unmeet his mien,
To grace the court that once had owned
A proud and noble Queen.

Not his the majesty of brow
That should to chiefs belong—
Not his to feel bright mercy's glow—
Not his to punish wrong.

A meaner soul ne'er lent its rays
To light a form more vile ;
Cold cunning marked his evil gaze,
And falsehood stamped his smile.

Yet she was fair who gave him birth,
The fairest of the forms of earth ;
The world can ne'er her charms forget,
They kindle tender memories yet.

Whilst this—her son !—his father's all !
Whose vices every deed recall—
Darnley's dark mind is his alone,
Without his beauty to atone.

Had he not fawned on her, whose breath
His lovely mother doomed to death—
Had he not crouched to haughty Spain—
Had he not guiltless Raleigh slain ?
But see, they come, a courtier throng,
They lead a pensive youth along.

Pale is his cheek—as ashes pale—
His thin lips quiver, as the gale
Waves the last leaves on some lone stem
Where once hung summer's diadem.

Yet tall his form—his forehead high—
Graceful his step and bright his eye,
And, though he trembles, 'tis not fear
That makes his young cheek wan and sear—
'Tis that across his soul there came
A vision that he may not name.
And thoughts and memories, curbed in vain,
Rush in wild tumult through his brain,
The king—the throne—seemed whirled in air—
His father's blood is flowing there.

And he—the murderer !—so cold
Looked hapless Rizzio, of old,
When Ruthven's mailéd grasp he felt,
While at his mistress' knees he knelt—
Even so appalled looked Darnley round
When in his fiery prison bound—
So froze the coward monarch's blood,
When Raleigh's son before him stood.

'Twas then Remorse, with iron fangs,
Thrust through his soul undying pangs—
All the foul deeds he dared to do
Came thronging to his mental view—
The scoffs, the chains, the years of woe,
He bade the gallant Raleigh know ;
His sordid arts, his treacherous wiles,
To lure his victim to his toils,

Until to crown his venom'd spleen,
 The scaffold closed the shameful scene :
 Then fell the hero—poet—sage—
 The boast and wonder of his age.

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King James one look of horror gave
 And shuddering turned away—
 “ ’Tis he !—’tis Raleigh ! from the grave
 He comes his wrongs to pay !
 I fly his withering glance in vain,
 Hence, phantom, to thy tomb again ! ”

Years passed—the murderer lived on—
 Yet that sad youth far hence is gone ;
 And ne’er amidst the courtly train
 The son of Raleigh stood again.

King James, his late remorse to hide,
 Bade the wide seas between them roll,
 But ’midst his pedantry and pride,
 A phantom lingers by his side,
 Whose clanking fetters haunt his soul.



ADMIRAL BLAKE.

THE DWARF STUDENT—BEGINS PUBLIC LIFE AT FIFTY-ONE—PORTUGUESE PROTECTION—A RICH FRENCH PRIZE—BLAKE'S NOBLE CONDUCT TO A GALLANT FRENCH CAPTAIN—WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND HOLLAND—VAN TRUMP'S REFUSAL "TO TAKE HIS HAT OFF"—A BRAVE MAN AS SAFE AS A COWARD—VAN TRUMP'S BROOM—THE ENGLISH ACKNOWLEDGED "MASTERS OF THE SEAS"—BLAKE PUNISHES THE GOVERNOR OF TUNIS AND FIRES ITS FLEET—COLLECTS TRIBUTE—ENGLISH SAILORS AT MALAGA—THEIR IMPROPER CONDUCT PUNISHED—BLAKE INTERFERES—CROMWELL'S APPROVAL—THE PLATE-FLEET DESTROYED AT SANTA CRUZ—SUPERSTITIOUS CONSOLATION OF THE SPANIARDS—BLAKE SAILS FOR ENGLAND AND DIES ON THE PASSAGE—EMBALMED AND BURIED IN HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

It was not till the seventeenth century that England could claim the title of "mistress of the sea;" and Admiral Robert Blake was the first to assert her pre-eminence. He was born at Bridgewater, in August, 1598. Of his earlier years there is little account, except that he met with disappointment at college (where he was noted for his early rising and his studious habits), in consequence of his *small stature*: Sir Henry Savil, who was then warden, paying much regard to the *outward man*! To the folly of this pedant we owe a distinguished admiral, for had Blake gained literary preferment, he

would not have sought distinction at sea, for which he seemed by nature to be designed.

It seems surprising that this great man should have reached his fifty-first year before he began to serve his country at sea. He was then sent in pursuit of the celebrated Prince Rupert, whom he shut up in the harbour of Kingsale, in Ireland, till growing desperate from want of provisions, the Prince forced his way through the fleet, with the loss of three ships, and escaped into the Tagus. Thither Blake pursued him, and sent a messenger to the King of Portugal to state that the fleet in his port belonged to the public enemies of the commonwealth of England, and demanded leave to attack it. This being refused, Blake fell upon the Portuguese fleet, then returning from Brazil, of which he took seventeen ships, and burnt three others. The poor King of Portugal in vain ordered Prince Rupert to attack him, and recapture his ships — Blake carried home his prizes without molestation, the Prince not having force enough to pursue him, and being well pleased with the opportunity to quit a port where he could no longer be protected.

French privateers had for some time molested the English trading vessels. Blake having supplied his ships with provisions, was ordered

to "make reprisals" on the French, that is, to take some of their vessels as a compensation for the injury they had done ours. Sailing with this commission, he took on his way a French man-of-war, valued at a million pounds. This rich ship was a cruiser, and its wealth was probably the accumulated plunder of many unfortunate vessels.

One morning in February, 1650-1, while Blake was cruising in the Mediterranean, the look-out man, at the mast-head, suddenly perceived a sail in the offing. Making signal for his fleet to follow him, Blake bore down upon the strange ship, which proved to be a French vessel of considerable force. There being no declared war between the two nations, on coming near, Blake hailed her commander.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," cried he through the speaking trumpet, "you must come on board my ship without delay."

The captain soon made his appearance on the quarter-deck of the *Triumph*. "Are you willing, Captain, to lay down your sword and yield at once?" asked Blake.

"I am in your power, Admiral, but though unprotected on your deck, I refuse either to resign my sword, or give up my ship," gallantly replied the Frenchman.

Blake scorned to take advantage of an artifice, and detested the appearance of treachery.

“Well, Captain,” said he, “you are at liberty to go back to your ship, and defend her as well and as long as you are able.”

The French captain willingly accepted his offer, but after a fight of two hours, he was obliged to confess himself conquered, and then kissing his sword, surrendered it.

The memorable war between the two commonwealths of England and Holland broke out the next year. The dominion of the sea was now to be contested by the two nations, and the struggle was marked by a resolution proportioned to the importance of the dispute. During the inactive reign of James I, and the time that England had been engaged in civil war, the States of Holland had carried on their trade without opposition, and nearly without competition. Their prosperity led them to treat other nations with insolence, which a large fleet they had equipped at a vast expense made them imagine they might do with impunity. Blake was appointed admiral of a fleet, sufficient to secure our merchant vessels and ports from insult, with directions to keep a sharp look out on the movements of the Dutchmen.

On the 18th of May, Van Trump, the Dutch

admiral, suddenly appeared in the Downs with a fleet of forty-five men-of-war. Blake, who had then but twenty ships, upon his approach saluted him with three single shots, to require that he should, by striking his flag, show that respect to the English, which is due to every nation in its own dominion. With this point of honour—much resembling the courtesy of taking off one's hat on entering the house of an equal—the Dutchman declined to comply, and answered the summons with a broadside. Blake at once advanced with his own ship before the rest of his fleet, in order, if possible, to prevent a general battle. But the Dutch, instead of admitting him to treat, without any regard to the customs of war, fired upon him from their whole fleet. For some time Blake stood alone against their entire force, till the rest of his squadron coming up, the fight was continued from four in the afternoon till nine at night. The Dutch then retired with the loss of two ships, but without having destroyed or taken a single vessel. Only fifteen men were killed on our side, and those chiefly on board the admiral's ship, which had been the mark aimed at, and which alone had received above a thousand shot in her stem and sides! It seems little less than miraculous that a thousand great shot

should not do more execution; but it proves that *the bravest man is not always in the greatest danger.*

After the action just described Van Trump was superseded; but his successors, Admirals De Ruyter and De Witt, being equally unfortunate, and one wishing to resign and the other falling sick, he resumed the command. Wishing to perform some remarkable action to signalise this event, he assembled eighty ships of war and ten fire-ships, and steered towards the Downs. Poor Blake was not in a condition to encounter him, for through disputes at home his fleet had been so weakly manned, that half the ships were obliged to lie idle without engaging, for want of sailors. Twenty-two ships formed his whole available force. His natural ardour, however, led him to give battle. Two frigates, named the Vanguard and the Victory, after a long engagement, broke through the Dutch line without much injury; but towards evening the action turned against the English. The Garland, of forty guns, was boarded at once by two great ships. The crew, after fighting till their numbers were nearly exhausted, retreated to the lower part of the vessel, and blew up the decks. She was, however, carried off by the Dutch, with another vessel which had

gone to her assistance. Blake pressed forward to their relief, but a shot shattered his foremast, and he was himself boarded. Beating off his enemies, he was obliged to retire into the Thames, with the loss of two ships of force, and four small frigates. This victory so elated Van Trump, that although one of his flag-ships had been blown up, and two others disabled, in place of his usual pendant he carried a broom at his topmast, in his triumphant passage through the Channel; declaring that he would "sweep the seas of the English shipping!" In *attempting* to do this, soon after, he lost his own life.

Several engagements followed, in which fortune was again on our side, till at last the Dutch were so subdued that one of their admirals declared, that "without a numerous reinforcement of large men of war he could serve them no more;" and De Witt, a man of natural warm temper, cried out, in the presence of the assembled Statholders, "Why should I be silent before my lords and masters? The English are our masters, and by consequence the masters of the sea!"

In November, 1654, Blake was sent by Cromwell into the Mediterranean with a powerful fleet, and may be said to have received the

homage of all that part of the world, for he was equally courted by the haughty Spaniards, the surly Dutch, and the lawless Algerines.

Two years afterwards he entered the harbour of Tunis, and sent to the governor, demanding reparation for the robberies the pirates of that place had committed upon English vessels, and insisting on all his countrymen, whom they had taken prisoners, being set at liberty. He found batteries to oppose him planted along the shore, and the ships drawn up in a line under the castles.

“There are our castles of Goletta, and Porto Ferino, upon which you may do your worst!” was the insolent and haughty answer returned by the governor, who added other menaces and insults, and mentioned in terms of ridicule the inequality of a fight between ships and castles. He also refused Blake’s request to be allowed to take in water.

Fired with this inhuman and insolent treatment, Blake curled his whiskers, as was his custom when he was angry, and entering Porto Ferino with his great ships, discharged his shot so fast on the batteries and castles, that in two hours the guns were dismounted, and the works forsaken, though he was at first exposed to the fire of sixty cannon. This attack was so bravely

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executed, that with the loss of only twenty-five men killed, and forty-eight wounded, all the ships were fired in sight of Tunis.

His exploits had now gained so great a reputation, that he met with no further opposition while he collected a tribute from the princes of all those countries from which the English had suffered injuries during the civil wars. The Duke of Tuscany alone paid him sixty thousand pounds, and Blake sent home sixteen ships laden with riches he had received from several states.

One day while the English fleet was lying off Malaga, during a time of peace with Spain, some of Blake's sailors got leave to go ashore. Rambling through the streets they met a procession of priests carrying the host (or consecrated bread of the communion) before them, as is the custom in Roman Catholic countries. The people, as it passed, fell on their knees and adored it, but the British sailors refused to pay any respect to it, and laughed at those who did. The latter part of their conduct was certainly improper, and the priests became angry at having their religious ceremony mocked at.

"Children of the true church," cried one of them, stamping with fury, "will ye tamely see

these heretic dogs mock your Saviour? Up, and resent these insults to the blessed host!"

The people, thus roused, fell upon the sailors and beat them severely. When they reached their ship, they complained loudly of their treatment, upon which Blake sent to demand the priest who had procured it. The viceroy answered, that having no authority over the priest, he could not send him. "I do not enquire into the extent of the viceroy's authority," was Blake's reply, "but if the priest be not sent me within three hours, I will burn the town!" The viceroy then sent the priest to him, who pleaded the provocation given by the seamen.

"Had you complained to me," said Blake, "I would have punished them severely, for I will not permit my men to insult the established religion of any place; but let none else assume that power, for I will have all the world know that an Englishman is only to be punished by an Englishman."

Satisfied with having the father in his power, he treated him civilly, and sent him back. This conduct so pleased Cromwell, that he read the letter in council with great satisfaction. "I hope," said he, "to make the name of an

Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman has been."

War being again declared against Spain, Blake having heard that the Spanish plate-fleet lay at anchor in the bay of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, entered with twenty-five men of war. The bay was defended by a castle on the north side well mounted with cannon, and seven forts in other parts; a line of communication, well manned with musqueteers, united the whole. The Spanish admiral drew up his small ships under the guns of the castle, and stationed six great galleons with their broadsides to the sea. Posting some of his larger ships to play upon the fortifications, Blake himself attacked the galleons, which, after a valiant resistance, were at length abandoned by the Spaniards, though the least of them was larger than the biggest of the English ships. The forts and smaller vessels being also shattered and forsaken, the whole fleet was set on fire, as Blake's ships were too much damaged in the fight to bring them away. Thus was the plate-fleet destroyed.

The whole action was so incredible, that when the news arrived, all who knew the place wondered that any man, in his sober senses, could have undertaken the attack; and could hardly

persuade themselves to believe what had been done : while the Spaniards comforted themselves that they were devils, and not men, who had destroyed them in such a manner. The English, killed and wounded, did not exceed two hundred ; but the loss on the Spanish side exceeded all belief.

Blake cruised about for some time after this, yet soon finding his constitution giving way under the fatigues of the last three years, he determined to return home, but died before he came to land. His body was embalmed, and after lying in state at Greenwich, was buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel, with all the funeral honour due to the remains of a man so famed for his bravery, and so spotless in his integrity.



JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

ENTERS LIFE AS PAGE TO THE DUKE OF YORK—THE PAGE TURNS SOLDIER—TURNNE'S "HANDSOME ENGLISHMAN"—MARRIAGE—LORD CHURCHILL JOINS THE PRINCE OF ORANGE—CREATED EARL OF MARLBOROUGH—A BOAT ADVENTURE—"THE EARL" BECOMES "THE DUKE"—CHARLES OF AUSTRIA—PRINCE EUGENE AND THE ENGLISH TROOPS—THROWING AWAY THE SCABARD—BATTLE OF BLENHEIM—BETTER TROOPS THAN "THE BEST"—BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET—MARLBOROUGH'S HUMANITY—A FRENCHMAN'S VALUATION OF THE DUKE—HIGH ESTEEM OF GEORGE I.—MARLBOROUGH RETIRES TO BLENHEIM, AND DIES THERE—ANECDOTES OF MARLBOROUGH—FENNELON—A GRUMBING SERVANT—THE DUCHESS'S REVENGE—A LIVING TOMB.

ABOUT noon, on the 24th of June, 1650, John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was born at Ashe, in Devonshire. His school-days were soon over, for his father, Sir Winston Churchill, having established himself at court soon after the restoration of Charles the Second, was anxious to introduce his children early into life, and obtained for his son the situation of page of honour to the Duke of York, at the same time that his only daughter, Arabella, became maid of honour to the duchess.

While at school, young Churchill had discovered in the library an old book on military

subjects. This he read frequently, and conceived such a taste for a martial life, that he longed to distinguish himself as a soldier.

The Duke of York held frequent reviews of the guards. Churchill had not long been his page, before the duke noticed his eagerness to be present on these occasions. Pleased with this indication of military ambition, the duke suddenly enquired one day, "what can I do for you, Churchill, as a first step to fortune?"

The page threw himself on his knees before the duke. "I beseech your Royal Highness," he entreated, with clasped hands, "to honour me with a pair of colours."

"Well, well," said the Duke, smiling at the lad's earnestness, "I will grant your request by-and-by;" and his young favourite had not long to wait before he got the post for which he had petitioned.

The youthful ensign, scarce fifteen years of age, first embarked for Tangiers, and although his stay was short, yet in the sallies and skirmishes with the Moors, he showed that even now he possessed that courage and ability which in after years, placed him at the head of all the heroes of his time.

Before the year in which he left England had expired, he was again in his native country.

He then accompanied the Duke of Monmouth to the Continent, to assist France against Holland. The Prince of Condé and Marshal Turenne, the greatest generals of that time, commanded the French army, so that Churchill had very favourable opportunities of improving his military talent and genius.

The young soldier possessed handsome features, an elegant person, and such captivating manners, that the Duchess of Cleveland had been so struck with him before he left England, that she presented him with five thousand pounds; with this he bought an annuity for his life of five hundred a year, and this was the foundation of his future fortune.

A French officer during the siege of Nimeguen, had failed to retain a post of consequence, which he had been appointed to defend. The news of its loss was brought to Turenne.

“I will bet a supper and a dozen of claret,” instantly exclaimed the marshal, “that my handsome Englishman will recover the post with half the number of men that the officer commanded who lost it.”

Churchill was despatched with a small company, and after a short but desperate struggle, retook the post; won the marshal his wager;

and gained for himself the applause and admiration of the whole army.

Next year, at the siege of Maestricht, Captain Churchill again distinguished himself. At the head of his own company, he scaled the ramparts, and planted the banner of France on the very summit, escaping with a slight wound. Louis XIV was so highly pleased with his conduct that he thanked him at the head of the army, and soon made him lieutenant-colonel. The Duke of Monmouth afterwards confessed to the king, that he was indebted for his life on this occasion, to our hero's gallantry and discretion.

On his return to England, he was made gentleman of the bed-chamber, and master of the robes to his earliest patron, the Duke of York. At this period he was captivated by the beauty of Miss Sarah Jennings, daughter of a gentleman of ancient family, and maid of honour to the Duchess. Their marriage took place in 1678.

The services Colonel Churchill continued to yield the royal brothers, did not pass unrewarded. He was created Baron Churchill of Aghmouth in Berwickshire, and a friendship sprung up between Lady Churchill and the

Princess (afterwards queen) Anne, who when she married Prince George of Denmark, got her friend appointed lady of her bed-chamber.

The day after James II. was proclaimed, he made his favourite lieutenant-general. The battle of Sedgmoor, in which the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth with his rebel army was defeated, was won chiefly by Churchill's courage and decision.—Till the closing scene of James's reign there is little stated of Lord Churchill, although it is known that he used his influence with his royal master to prevent the arbitrary system of government the king endeavoured to introduce. Finding the monarch determined to persist in his encroachments, Lord Churchill felt it his duty, however painful, to go over to the Prince of Orange, by whom he was received with distinguished marks of attention and respect; and two days before his coronation, the prince raised him to the dignity of Earl of Marlborough.

The affection the earl still felt towards his late benefactor the ex-king, led him into a correspondence with him. This, being discovered, brought the displeasure of King William upon him, and for some time he was deprived of all his appointments. At length a governor being wanted for the young Duke of Gloucester, son of the Princess Anne, the king as an earnest of

his returning favour, conferred this honour on Marlborough. "Teach him, my lord," said his majesty, "to be what you are yourself, and he will not want accomplishments."

On the accession of Queen Anne, Marlborough was made captain-general, master of the ordnance, and a knight of the garter. Soon after, he was sent to Holland to aid our Dutch allies against the French. He was appointed by them generalissimo of the forces, with a salary of £10,000 a-year. With his army he crossed the river Meuse, and advanced to the siege of Rheinberg. "I hope soon to deliver you from these troublesome neighbours," he exclaimed to the Dutch deputies, who accompanied him on a reconnoitring party; and had it not been for the timidity of the Dutchmen, he would have fulfilled his intentions. He, however, took three towns out of the hands of the French, and the campaign ended by the taking of Liege.

The evening that the army separated, a curious adventure befel Marlborough. Thinking it the easiest, quickest, and safest way, he embarked, with the Dutch deputies, in a boat, with a view of descending the Meuse for the Hague. A detachment of twenty-five soldiers, commanded by a lieutenant, manned the boat. A larger boat with sixty men joined him, while

fifty troops escorted them along the banks of the river. The troopers, however, lost their way, and the larger boat went on without attending to its companion, thus leaving Marlborough with only his slender guard of twenty-five men. The French still had the town of Guelders in their hands, and it so happened that a party of five and thirty men from the city was lurking among the reeds and sedge of the river in hope of an adventure. Most of the company on board Marlborough's boat had fallen asleep; when between eleven and twelve o'clock those who were awake felt the tow-rope seized, and a discharge of arms quickly followed. Several soldiers were wounded, and the assailants rushed on board before any opposition could be offered. Thus a general, whom the entire French army had scarcely courage to face during a whole summer, was taken prisoner by an insignificant party.

"Where are your passes?" growled the leader of the band.

The Dutchmen had taken care to provide themselves with French passports, but Marlborough thought it beneath him to solicit such a safeguard. At this moment an attendant slipped a paper into the earl's hand, unperceived by the Frenchmen.

"Now, monsieur, your passport," demanded the leader.

Marlborough presented the paper with an undismayed countenance. The least scrutiny would have been fatal, for it was an old pass which had been granted to his brother, General Churchill, when obliged to quit the army from ill health. The calm indifference with which he offered it, and the night being rather dark, prevented the men from closely examining it. Contenting themselves, therefore, with searching the trunks and baggage, and helping themselves freely to what plate and things of value they contained, the adventurers suffered Marlborough and his companions to proceed. The earl afterwards rewarded his attendant for his presence of mind with an annuity of fifty pounds.

The alarm that he had been taken prisoner overwhelmed the States-General with consternation, and a vote was immediately passed, enjoining all their troops to march to Guelders without delay, to rescue him. In the midst of these orders, Marlborough arrived safely at the Hague. Then the transport of the Dutch knew no bounds; and it was with great difficulty that their now valued general got through the crowd to the hotel appointed for his reception.

Marlborough soon returned to England, when

the queen created him Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough; an honour he reluctantly accepted, and chiefly because it would give him more consideration if again called upon to serve his country abroad.

In 1703, the Duke was once more in Flanders, leading operations against the French with his usual success. It was during this campaign that he had the celebrated interview with the Archduke Charles of Austria, who had been proclaimed king of Spain. On his majesty's arrival at Dusseldorf, the duke hastened to pay his respects, and convey the congratulations of Queen Anne on his accession to his new dignity. The king, who was much pleased with the visit, received the duke with great regard; and on his departure Charles took his sword from his side and presented it to Marlborough.

"I am not ashamed," said the king, "to own that I am a poor prince, having no other inheritance than my cloak and my sword. My sword may be useful to your grace; and I hope you will not esteem it the less because I have worn it a day. I had hoped to present it to you at the head of that gallant army with which you have performed such gallant actions."

"It acquires an additional value in my eyes," answered the duke, taking the sword and kissing

the hilt, "because your majesty has condescended to wear it; for it will always remind me of your just right to the Spanish crown, and of my obligation to hazard my life and all that is dear to me, in rendering you the greatest prince in Christendom."

On arriving at the Hague the king carried his respect still further, by presenting Marlborough with his portrait richly set in diamonds. When he reached England Marlborough conducted his majesty to Windsor, when he requested the duchess to accept a ring of great value from his own finger.

The duke had soon an opportunity of evincing his zeal in the cause of Charles, while at the same time he increased his renown far beyond all his former fame. The celebrated Prince Eugene was appointed his colleague, and the first time these two generals met they conceived that mutual esteem and confidence, which afterwards rendered them partners in the same glory.

When the Prince beheld Marlborough's troops, he was charmed to see them in such excellent condition, after long and harassing marches. "I have heard much," he exclaimed, "of English cavalry; and now find it to be the best appointed and finest I have ever seen.

Money you have in plenty in England. You can easily purchase clothes and accoutrements; but nothing can purchase the spirit I see in the looks of those men. It is an earnest of victory?"

Pleased by this compliment, Marlborough made a still more flattering reply. "My troops," said he, "are always animated with zeal for the common cause; but they are now inspired by your highness's presence, and it is this which awakens the spirit that excites your highness's admiration."

At the head of a noble army the two generals penetrated into the heart of Germany, driving the Elector of Bavaria before them, ere his French allies could join him. It would take too much space to describe all the victories, and relate the details of the burning of three hundred towns, villages, and castles! These stern necessities of war were far from pleasing to Marlborough, who grieved to see the poor people suffering from their master's ambition. The Elector shed tears when he heard of these devastations, and offered large sums to prevent military execution on the land. "The forces of England," replied the Duke, "are not come into Bavaria to extort money, but to bring its prince to reason and moderation. It is in the power of

the elector to end the matter at once, by coming to a speedy accommodation."

But the elector knew that Marshal Tallard, with a powerful French army was approaching, and buoyed up by expectation, replied, "Since you have compelled me to draw the sword, I have thrown away the scabbard!"

Prince Eugene had hastened from the Rhine to join Marlborough, with a force of eighteen thousand men, and reached the plains of Hochstadt by the time Tallard joined the elector. As the Prince and Marlborough proceeded to survey the ground previous to taking up their position, they perceived some squadrons of the enemy at a distance. The two generals mounted the steeple of a church close by, and with their glasses discovered the quarter-masters of the enemy marking out a camp between Blenheim and Lützingen. Charmed beyond measure, they resolved to give battle before the enemy could strengthen themselves in their new position. Some officers who knew the strength of the ground selected by the enemy, ventured to remonstrate and to advise that no action should be hazarded. "I know the dangers of the case," said Marlborough, who had not made up his mind without due consideration, "but a battle is absolutely necessary; and, as for suc-

cess, I rely on the hope that the discipline and courage of the troops will make amends for all disadvantages." Orders being issued for a general engagement, the whole army commenced preparations with cheerfulness and alacrity.

Marlborough showed that he was resolved to conquer, or to die in the attempt. Part of the night he passed in prayer, and towards morning received the sacrament. Then after taking a short sleep, he concerted the arrangements for the action with Prince Eugene, particularly pointing out to the surgeons the proper place for the wounded.

The forces of the Duke and the Prince formed an army of thirty-three thousand five hundred infantry, and eighteen thousand four hundred cavalry. They were opposed by a force of fifty-six thousand men.

About six o'clock in the morning, Marlborough and Eugene took their station on a rising ground, and, calling all the generals, gave the directions for the attack. The army then marched into the plain, and, being formed in order of battle, the chaplains performed service at the head of each regiment.

The morning being hazy, the French and Bavarians did not even suspect the approach of their enemies, and were completely taken by

surprise. A large gun boomed forth the signal for the onset; and as great a battle was fought as the memory of man ever heard of. A panic seized the whole of the troops which composed the right of the French army, and they fled like a flock of sheep before the victorious English—deaf to the threats and entreaties of their commanders, and without observing whither their flight led them. A body of cavalry, the best and most renowned in the whole army, seized with the fear, hurried away Marshal Tallard with them in their flight; and, void of all thought, threw themselves by squadrons into the Danube, men and horses, officers and troopers together. Some escaped; but the greater portion who had sought to avoid an *uncertain* death on the field of battle and of honour, found a *certain* and shameful death in the river. The poor Marshal, after vainly endeavouring to stem this torrent of despair, was obliged to surrender himself a prisoner of war, with several other general officers in his company. The defeat then became complete. Of all the infantry the Marshal had brought to the assistance of the Elector, only two battalions escaped: eight and twenty battalions were taken prisoners; and ten were entirely destroyed!

Thus terminated this great battle. The loss

of the enemy, including deserters and those killed in the retreat, was not less than forty thousand men. Fifteen thousand men were taken prisoners, with twelve hundred officers, exclusive of generals. There were also captured one hundred pieces of cannon, twenty-four mortars, one hundred and twenty-nine colours, one hundred and seventy-one standards, three thousand six hundred tents, three hundred laden mules, thirty-four coaches containing ladies of the French officers, two bridges of boats, fifteen pontoons, twenty-four camels, and eight casks of silver !

The French, for many years, had never sustained any considerable defeat, and, in consequence, had looked upon themselves, and had been regarded by other countries, almost as invincible. But now the charm was broken.

After the battle, when Marshal Tallard was brought into the Duke's tent, the Marshal exclaimed with emphasis, "Your grace has beaten the best troops in the world."

"I hope," quickly rejoined the Duke, "that you except the troops which defeated them?"

The news caused great joy in England, except to a discontented party, who considered that "it would no more weaken the power of the French

king than taking a bucket of water out of a river." Marlborough's answer, when he heard this, was, "If they will allow me to draw one or two such buckets more, we may then let the river run quietly, and not much apprehend its overflowing and destroying its neighbours." Queen Anne, however, as a monument of the victory, commanded a splendid palace to be built for the duke, at her own expense, to be called **BLLENHEIM**.

The shedding of blood which war occasions, right minded persons will ever consider to be justifiable in the cause of liberty only. It is honourable to die in the defence of the freedom of one's country; but, unfortunately, *every* war has not been, nor will be, a patriotic one. By far the greater number have been caused through the caprice or ambition of restless princes who, not content with their own dominions, have wished to enlarge them by encroaching on the rights of their neighbours. Our great poet, Southey, has written some beautiful verses on the battle of Blenheim, as this conflict was called, in which even this "famous victory" is not very favourably regarded.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looked up
With wonder, waiting eyes;

"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"That put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I never could make out.
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
The little stream hard by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled
And knew not where to rest his head."

"With fire and sword the country round
They wasted far and wide,
And many a wretched mother then,
And new-born infant died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene,"—
"Why 'twas a very wicked thing,"
Said little Wilhelmine.—

"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,

"It was a famous victory.

"And every body praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win."—

"But what good came of it at last?"

Quoth little Peterkin.—

"Why that I cannot tell," said he,

"But 'twas a famous victory."

It would fill a large volume to relate all the victories of the Duke of Marlborough, none of which, however, exceeded the Battle of Blenheim in importance. One, some years afterwards, called the Battle of Malplaquet, was a better contested fight, and perhaps ranks next; in truth, after this battle, France never again ventured to meet Marlborough in the field.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 11th of September, 1709, the confederated troops (for Eugene with his army was still with Marlborough) began to raise their batteries, under cover of a thick fog, which lasted till half past seven. When it cleared away, the armies found themselves close together, each having a perfect view of the other. Marshal Villars commanded the French army. He was adored by his troops, who placed unbounded confidence in him, and

as he now rode along their ranks, the air rang with "long live the king! Long live Marshal Villars!" The right wing was commanded by Marshal Boufflers.

A discharge of fifty pieces of cannon from the confederates was the signal for battle, which commenced a little after eight. Each army had between ninety and one hundred thousand men, and the battle raged for some time with unexampled bravery. The Prince of Orange unable to restrain his impetuosity, contrary to instructions, made an attack before he could be properly supported, and lost the flower of the Dutch infantry. Yet a complete victory was gained by the allies. Marlborough and Eugene were frequently in the very hottest of the fire. Early in the action, a musket ball struck the prince behind the ear. His officers instantly entreated him to retire and have the wound dressed. "No," said the hero, "if I am fated to die here, to what purpose can it be to dress the wound? If I survive, it will be time enough in the evening," and instantly he rushed again into the thickest of the engagement. All the duties of a skilful general were performed by Marlborough, and late in the day the French army left the field in the possession of the allies, both armies having fought with almost incre-

dible valour. The loss of the French was fourteen thousand men; the allies, though victory was on their side, through the mistake of the Prince of Orange lost nearly twenty thousand.

An officer of distinction in the French army writing an account of this battle, said "the Eugenes and Marlboroughs ought to be well satisfied with us during that day, since till then they had not met with resistance worthy of them. They may say, with justice, that nothing can stand before them; for what shall be able to stem the rapid course of these two heroes, if an army of one hundred thousand of our best troops posted between two woods, trebly intrenched, and performing their duty as well as brave men could do, were not able to stop them one day? Will you not then own with me, that they surpass all the heroes of former ages?"

With his usual humanity, Marlborough's first care at the close of the action was the relief of the wounded. Three thousand Frenchmen who lay on the field shared his attention, with the wounded of his own army, and he immediately arranged means for conveying them away. Still, next morning—the day set apart for burying the slain—notwithstanding his care, when riding over the field he saw among the heaps which

covered the plain, not only the numerous bodies of the slain, but of the dying also. Nor did he feel only for the sufferings of his companions in arms; the groans of wounded enemies, and the sight of their mangled limbs, equally awakened his compassion. Learning, also, that many French officers and soldiers had crept into the neighbouring houses and woods, wounded, and in a miserable condition for want of assistance, he ordered them every possible relief, and despatched a messenger with a letter to the French marshal, humanely proposing a conference to arrange the means of removing these wretched sufferers. By this humanity the larger portion of not fewer than thirty thousand men, to whose sufferings death would soon have put an end, were saved. The officers gave their word that they would not serve against the allies till they were regularly exchanged; and the common soldiers were to be considered as prisoners of war, for whom an equal number of allied troops was to be returned.

Many, many battles, too numerous to mention, were gained by this great commander. When he came back to England at the peace, he for some time distinguished himself as an able statesman, but incurring the displeasure of the queen and that of the party then in power,

he found his situation so painful that he determined to leave the country till the course of events should again run in his favour. He left Dover without any honours as a private passenger in a packet-boat; but on its arriving off Ostend, as soon as the towns-people knew that the Duke of Marlborough was on board they made a salute of all the cannon towards the sea, and when the vessel entered the harbour they fired three rounds of all the artillery on the ramparts. The people crowded round him, and shed tears at the ingratitude of his nation. Some, full of astonishment at the sight of him, said, "his looks, his air, his address, were full as conquering as his sword." Even a Frenchman exclaimed, "Though the sight is worth a million to my king, yet, I believe, he would not, at such a price, have lost the service of so brave a man."

Marlborough remained at Aix-la-Chapelle till the death of the queen. On the 1st of August, 1714, the day George the 1st was proclaimed, the duke and duchess landed at Dover. Marlborough's reception was truly a contrast to his departure. Now the artillery thundered forth a welcome; while thousands of spectators hailed the return of the voluntary exile. Passing on to London he was met at Southwark by a

large body of the burgesses, who escorted him into the city, and thence, joined by many of the first merchants, the nobility and gentry, he proceeded to St. James's, amid the joyful acclamations of the crowd, "Long live the King!" "Long live the Duke of Marlborough!"

Old age had now laid his withering hand on the duke. For nearly two years he continued to enjoy the favour and confidence of the new king, who on one occasion said, "Marlborough's retirement would give me as much pain as if a dagger should be plunged in my bosom." But he soon was obliged to retreat to Blenheim, where he spent six years of declining life amongst his family and friends. At length, after a violent attack of palsy, the disease from which he suffered, he lay for several days expecting death. Early in the morning of the 15th of June, 1722, he resigned his spirit with Christian calmness into the hands of his Creator.

The duke was nearly seventy-three when he died. His remains were interred with every honour in Westminster Abbey; but soon after were taken up and conveyed to the chapel at Blenheim, and laid in a magnificent monument which the duchess had erected for this honourable purpose.

Two or three anecdotes remain to be told of the Duke of Marlborough, which admirably display the excellence of his character.

Although almost his whole life was spent in war, Marlborough regarded it as a necessary evil, and frequently longed for peace. At the siege of Douay the country around the town was in a dreadful state. "It is impossible," wrote the duke, "without seeing it, to be sensible of the misery of this country; at least one half of the people of the villages, since the beginning of last winter, are dead; and the rest look as if they came out of their graves. It is so mortifying, that no Christian can see it but must, with all his heart, wish for a speedy peace."

Fenelon, the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray, spent his whole life in doing good, and, in consequence, was esteemed and beloved by every one. During one of the wars the estates of this excellent man were exposed to plunder; but Marlborough ordered a detachment of his troops to guard the magazines of corn, and gave a safe conduct to the frightened farmers and their servants, to enable them to convey the grain to Cambray. The duke had scarcely done so, before it occurred to him that even with this protection the soldiers, through the scarcity of

bread, might rob them ; he, therefore, sent a body of dragoons, with wagons, to transport the grain, and orders to escort it to the suburbs of Cambray. Thus he showed his respect for a good man, of whom it is said that “ he honoured letters by his genius, religion by his piety, France by his renown, and human nature by his virtues.”

Riding out one day at the Hague, with Commissary Maniot, it began to rain, and the duke called for his cloak ; Maniot having had his put on by his servant in an instant. The duke’s attendant not bringing his cloak, he called again ; but the man still continued puzzling about the straps and buckles. At last the rain increased very much, and the duke repeated his call, adding, “ What are you about, that you do not bring the cloak ? ”

“ You must stay,” grumbled the man, “ if it rain cats and dogs, till I can get at it.”

The duke only turned to Maniot, and said, smiling, “ I would not be of that man’s temper for all the world.”

The Duchess of Marlborough had rather a hasty temper ; and it was chiefly through a quarrel on her part with Queen Anne, who had treated her on the equal terms of a friend for many years, that the duke lost her majesty’s

favour. An amusing instance once occurred in which her grace's waywardness and violence recoiled upon herself.

“At a great age the duchess had considerable remains of beauty, most expressive eyes, and the finest hair imaginable; the colour of which she had preserved unchanged by the constant use of honey water. None of her charms, when they were at their proudest height, had been so fondly prized by the poor duke, her husband. Therefore one day, upon his offending her by some act of disobedience to her ‘sovereign will,’ the bright thought occurred, as she sat considering how she could plague him most, that it would be a hearty vexation to see his favourite tresses cut off. Instantly the deed was done;—she cropped them short, and laid them in an ante-chamber he must pass through to enter her apartment. But, to her cruel disappointment, he passed, entered, and re-passed, calm enough to provoke a saint; neither angry nor sorrowful; seemingly quite unconscious both of his crime and his punishment. Concluding he must have overlooked her hair, she ran to secure it. Lo! it had vanished;—and she remained in perplexity the rest of the day. The next, as he continued silent, and her looking-glass spoke the change a rueful one, she began to think she had for once

done a foolish thing. Nothing more ever transpired upon the subject till after the duke's death, when she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid by in a cabinet, where he kept whatever he held most precious."

This anecdote the duchess frequently related during the twenty-two years she survived her illustrious husband. She died at the age of sixty-four, retaining to the last her love for Marlborough. When sixty-two, she was sought in marriage by Lord Coningsby, and the Duke of Somerset. Her answer to the former is not known; but to the latter she admirably replied:—"marriage is very unsuitable at my age; but, were I only thirty, I would not permit even the emperor of the world to succeed in that heart, which has been, all my life, devoted to John, Duke of Marlborough!"



GENERAL WOLFE.

COMMENCEMENT OF MILITARY CAREER—EXCELLENT ORDER OF WOLFE'S BATTALION—AFFAIRS IN CANADA—ATTACK ON LOUISBOURG AND CAPTURE OF THE TOWN—FROZEN OUT—QUEBEC—A REDUCED ARMY—NOISE AND WORK—CARELESS OUTPOSTS—BATTLE OF QUEBEC—CLOSE FIRE—WOLFE WOUNDED—DIES ON THE FIELD—REMAINS CARRIED TO ENGLAND—A MOTHER'S CLAIM.

GENERAL EDWARD WOLFE, an officer who distinguished himself under the Duke of Marlborough, was the father of James Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec. He was the eldest son of the general, and was born at Westerham, a small town in Kent, on the 6th of November 1726. As liberal an education as could be acquired before the early age of fourteen, was given to the future hero. He then went with his father to Flanders to study the profession of an officer amid active warfare; and thus engaged, seven years soon passed. During this noviciate he was not without opportunities of distinguishing himself; his name was on several occasions mentioned with honour; till at length at the battle of Laffeldt, his courage and skilful con-

duct attracted the notice of his commander, the Duke of Cumberland, who at the close of the day, thanked him in the presence of the army, and from that time he was marked out "as an officer of extraordinary merit and promise."

His merit, rather than any favour, brought Wolfe the rank of lieutenant-colonel, when he was barely twenty-two. The battalion he commanded was soon distinguished by many and striking improvements in discipline, so that its superiority at exercise, and in the order of its quarters, gave sure proof of ability and temper in its young commander. "The men," it is said, "adored while they profoundly respected him; and his officers esteemed his approbation as much as they dreaded his displeasure."

Canada, with a portion of New Brunswick, and also the islands of St. John and Cape Breton at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, were at this time possessed by the French, while Nova Scotia and New Brunswick belonged to the English. The latter also claimed the tract of land called New England, lying (as will be seen on looking at a map of North America,) to the west of New Brunswick, and south of the river St. Lawrence. The French, however, disputed their claim to this country, and constant quarrels arose between the rival settlers about their right

to land of which, in reality, the poor Indians were the proprietors. In virtue of a grant of parliament in 1750, a large body of English took possession of this "debateable ground;" but scarcely had they done so, when a superior force of French and Indians attacked them, and killing some, made prisoners of others, and drove the rest back. Many vigorous but unsuccessful efforts were made on the part of the colonists and their neighbours, during eighteen months to regain their territory. A body of troops was then sent from England under General Braddock, but this attempt also failed; and the struggle having now assumed some importance, an army of not less than sixteen thousand men under Lord Loudon, renewed the contest in 1755, against the army under the Marquis de Montcalm, a most able and enterprising officer. His superiority as a commander had been shewn in several instances, till the slur which was being cast on the reputation of our country's arms having excited attention at home, Lord Loudon was recalled, and the army then in America was entrusted to General Abercrombie (not the celebrated Abercromby). At the same time a fresh force was raised at home, which put to sea in February 1757. Wolfe accompanied this expedition as brigadier under

Major-general Amherst. Its object was to reduce Cape Breton; the possession of which island, commanding as it does the grand entrance of the St. Lawrence, was felt to be of the last importance.

It was a summer night, the night of the 2d of June, when twenty-eight English ships of the line, fifteen frigates, with a large fleet of transports and storeships entered Gabarus Bay—an open roadstead somewhat west of Louisbourg, the chief town of the island of Cape Breton. Orders to anchor were issued, and the sprightly sounds of fife and drum, and the merry tread of the sailors, as the capstan went cheerily round, were heard on board every ship. The night was remarkably dark and lowering, and soldiers and sailors being alike ignorant of the coast and the nature of the obstacles they would have to encounter, a consultation of officers was held, when it was resolved not to attempt a landing till dawn. Ammunition was then served out to the men: the soldiers were directed to lie down in their clothes, while the sailors got the boats ready against the first blush of morning should appear. Suddenly the dark sky became still more lowering, thick clouds soon gathered, and ere midnight a violent storm burst over the fleet. Although nearly land-locked, most of the ships

strained heavily on their anchors, and many doubts were entertained as to their riding out the gale. Daylight at length appeared, but the tempest still raged; and eight long weary days the gale continued with unabated violence.

This dreary interval gave the enemy time to prepare to receive the invaders. Yet it was not without some good result to the latter, for neither the naval nor military officers were of desponding mood, but occupied the time in maturing their plans, and putting matters in such a train that no mistake could afterwards arise.

The town of Louisbourg stands upon a small tongue of land, and at this period was carefully fortified, having heavy batteries towards the sea, and a strong defence of regular works on its land sides. Its harbour, which is considered the most magnificent in the world, was carefully guarded by five ships of the line extending quite across the mouth. Goat Island formed one extremity of the entrance, and Lighthouse Point the other; both these were surmounted by strong redoubts, having the largest cannon and mortars used in war; while a garrison of three thousand soldiers, with two thousand five hundred seamen to man the entrenchments,

seemed to present an insuperable obstacle to a successful descent.

Four miles westward of the town, however, there was a little creek, called Freshwater Cove, and, after much deliberation, it was resolved to attempt a landing at this point. The frigates and lighter vessels accordingly moved thither as soon as the weather moderated, and anchored there one evening, with the wind still boisterous, and the surf running very high. Next morning, at day-break, the first division of the troops entered their boats, Wolfe at their head.

The seamen had scarcely dipped their oars a second time, when a sudden glancing of arms amid the sand-hills warned the troops to expect opposition. The French had foreseen the probability of such an attempt as the present, and had prepared to oppose it by throwing up breast-works, placing field pieces in the hollows, and stationing a considerable force to dispute a landing.

Gallantly the boats pressed onwards, while the frigates, which had approached within half-cannon shot of the shore, opening their fire, swept the beach with a shower of round shot. The flotilla was now within musket range, when the French all at once poured in a volley of small

arms. Wolfe ordered his men not to fire in return, but, trusting to the broadsides from the frigates, which ploughing up the sand, threw it high in the air and thus kept the beach open, he urged his rowers to their utmost strength, passed through a heavy surf, though not without some loss, and made good his landing. Company by company, as the men arrived, they quickly formed, and pushing on, after a sharp encounter, forced the French to abandon their works, and retreat within the walls of Louisbourg.

The terrible surf proved the more formidable enemy. Above one hundred boats, with a large number of their crews, were lost in attempting to pass through to the shore. But officers and men were too enthusiastic to be disheartened. In a short time all the troops were landed; guns, stores, working tools, ammunition, and provisions followed quickly, and, ere the enemy had learned that real danger at last threatened them, the business of the siege was begun.

General Amherst invested the place without delay on the land side, and having opened his trenches before it, despatched Wolfe with the light infantry and a body of Highlanders to attack the battery on Lighthouse Point. Before dawn one morning he reached the outposts,

drove them in, and followed with such rapidity, that ere the enemy could form, and almost before they had got under arms, they were completely routed. The guns were immediately turned with terrible accuracy upon the harbour and town. The five ships of war now found their position very hazardous; one was soon on fire, and blew up; the flames spread to two others, and the remaining two were attacked and captured by boats. The breaching batteries shook the ramparts of the town to their foundations, while the shells carried ruin and death into its streets. On the 26th of July the enemy finding it impossible to resist any longer, surrendered: the garrison became prisoners of war; and the islands of Cape Breton and Prince Edward fell into the hands of the English.

Wolfe's part in this campaign was now over, for domestic matters summoned him to England. He had not, however, been long at home, when he was informed from head quarters, that his brilliant services as a subaltern had caused the king to select him to conduct an enterprise of still greater hazard and honour. It had been proposed in council, as the speediest mode of putting an end to the transatlantic war, that the reduction of Quebec, the enemy's colonial capital, should be effected. Competent autho-

rities declared the attempt to be not impracticable; it was therefore resolved on, and Wolfe was nominated to the command of an armament to invest the town. An attack, to be made on three other points, was determined as a commencement of the campaign.

The armament set sail early in February, 1759. Admiral Saunders commanded the fleet, which comprised twenty-two line-of-battle ships, and an equal number of frigates. The whole came within sight of Louisbourg on the 21st of April. The harbour being still choked with ice, the vessels could not get in; and the delays which occurred prevented Wolfe from entering the St. Lawrence till June. The ships reached the Isle of Orleans by the end of the month, and, casting anchor, possession was taken. The land was in a high state of cultivation, affording abundant supplies to soldiers and sailors.

Quebec is situated on the northern bank of the river, and is distant from the sea nearly 370 miles. Part of the capital is built on the summit of a high and steep rock, and is called the upper town. On the strand, at the foot of the rock, is the lower town; and here the waters of the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles meet. A most commodious harbour adds to the advantages of the town, while the noble St. Lawrence,

which for three hundred and twenty miles is nowhere less than fifteen miles in width, here suddenly narrows to a breadth of scarcely one mile. Behind the town, facing towards the great inland lakes, stands a range of hills, called the Heights of Abraham, whose tops are level with the highest ridge on which the upper city is built.

The Marquis of Montcalm, now an old but still energetic man, occupied Quebec and the adjoining district with an army of five thousand regular troops, and the same number of militia and Indians. He had made preparations for defence with great judgment; the mass of his army was in the town, which he had further protected by entrenchments extending nearly eight miles to the west, till they reached the Montmorency river. Montreal was also well garrisoned, and twenty miles above Quebec, a body of two thousand men lay encamped to attack in flank any force which might attempt to land in that direction.

Many skirmishes took place at first between the Indians and British troops, and one attack of more importance on the entrenchments near the St. Charles, was headed by Wolfe in person. It completely failed; but it taught him the strength of the enemy's position, and clearly

showed that it would require stratagem to accomplish his design of reducing the town itself.

A council was summoned, when it was found that disease and the petty combats in which they had been engaged, had reduced the troops to five thousand effective men. Insufficient as this army seemed, Wolfe determined to remain idle no longer, and a plan of attack on the town was agreed upon. Accordingly, the following morning, (September 11th,) the ships of the line, with the exception of two or three, and all the frigates suddenly hoisted sail, and, exposed to a cannonade from all the batteries, sailed up the river past Quebec. The troops had previously been landed on the southern side of the river, and in perfect safety they marched in the same direction. When they had proceeded about nine miles, they found the fleet riding at anchor, already beyond the reach or observation of the enemy. The point of attack Wolfe had chosen lay within a mile and a half of Quebec, and consequently this march had no other purpose in view than to mislead the enemy as to his intentions. No sooner had the tide turned, and evening set in, than the surface of the river suddenly swarmed with boats, which had been secretly brought to this distant mustering place.

Then the signal for the ships to sail was hung out, and they immediately began proudly to descend the channel, leaving the flotilla of boats behind them.

Before midnight, the fleet had reached its first anchorage, and the troops up the river could hear the thundering of their guns as they cannonaded at long shot the fortifications below the St. Charles. The cheering sound told them that the ships had repassed the town safely; while the French naturally concluded, that from the ships a descent was about to be attempted.

During the interval the troops had silently and in complete order taken their places in the boats, and as soon as it became quite dark, like a huge flock of water-fowl, they glided down the stream. Not a word was spoken; the soldiers sat upright and motionless, and the sailors scarcely dipped their oars, lest the splash should reach the ears of the parties of French placed along the shore at short distances. Wolfe sat in the leading boat, surveying attentively each headland, to prevent the hazard of shooting beyond the point at which he purposed landing. Unobserved he gained the little cove which has since borne his name, and shortly before midnight all the men were landed.

The troops now stood upon a narrow beach.

Above them rose a precipice, nearly perpendicular, to the height of two hundred and fifty feet. A winding path, broad enough to admit four men abreast, led to the summit, and here lay one of the large plains, or table-lands, which distinguish the heights of Abraham, on a level with the upper town of Quebec. A battery of four guns and a strong party of infantry defended this important pass. Vigilance, however was not one of the qualities of this guard, for the leading files of the British, under Colonel Howe, were close upon the station of the French sentinel ere he challenged. Replying with a hearty cheer, they sprung forward. An irregular volley poured upon them, but the next instant they were on the high ground, and at close bayonets with the French guard, who immediately fled in terror, leaving Colonel Howe quietly in possession of their redoubt and artillery.

Long before dawn all the troops had gained this high ground. Leaving two companies in charge of the redoubt, Wolfe hastened forward with the rest towards Quebec. He halted when within a mile of the town, and there the men lay down with their arms in readiness for the first alarm. A communication by small parties,

called videttes, was kept up with the companies at the redoubt.

A trooper, with his horse covered with foam, appeared in the French camp at Beau Point, as the morning sky began to redden. He brought Montcalm the first intelligence of the landing the English had effected, and the unwelcome news was soon confirmed by the appearance of some of the fugitive soldiers from the redoubt. The camp was instantly in commotion, but the marquis gave his orders coolly, and before an hour the entire army had crossed the river, and were in full march for the Heights of Abraham.

About eleven in the forenoon, a large body of Indians and Canadian riflemen were seen issuing from a wood on one side of the plain on which the English were stationed. They were soon hidden again by a thicket, and dexterously spreading themselves among the bushes, they opened a smart skirmishing fire on the piquets. This was the first warning that the long-wished for event was at hand—a general conflict might now be confidently expected.

Without delay, Wolfe drew up his men in two lines, placing a few light companies in skirmishing order in front, and retaining one regiment (the 47th) in divisions, as a reserve.

The French skirmishers were quickly engaged with the light troops, whom they compelled to fall back on the line, while a heavy column advancing on the left, obliged Wolfe to wheel round three battalions to strengthen that side. But ere the column bore down, a fresh body of skirmishers appeared, and under their cover it silently withdrew, then suddenly appearing on the right it came down impetuously upon the irregular troops which Wolfe had there stationed. These did their duty nobly; the fierce attack of the enemy failed to break their order, or make them even flinch for a moment. The skirmishers, meantime continued to gall the light infantry with their desultory fire, which acted also as a veil to conceal the intended movements of the main body of the enemy. As the light troops, however, hastily fell back, they caused a slight dismay among their supporters. Wolfe instantly rode along the line and assured the men that these were only obeying instructions in order to draw the French onward. "Be firm, my lads!" said he, "do not return a shot till the enemy is within forty yards of the muzzles of your pieces, then you may fire!"

The men replied by a shout, and shouldering their muskets, they remained as though on parade, while the French continued to press nearer

and nearer. At length they were within the appointed distance. Every gun was now levelled—a crashing volley passed from left to right—a dense smoke followed the discharge, and hid its effects for a minute. The breeze soon carried this off, and then the huge gaps in the enemy's line exceeded all expectation. In the rear the ground appeared crowded with wounded men hurrying or being borne from the conflict while the army which had just advanced so confidently, now wavered, and then stood still. Seeing the irresolution of the enemy, Wolfe cheered his men to charge. A moment after a musket ball struck his wrist. He paused only to wrap his handkerchief round the wound, and again pressed on. He received a second ball in his belly, but still continued to issue his orders without evincing any symptom of pain, when a third bullet pierced his breast.

Wolfe fell to the ground. He was instantly raised and borne to the rear, where the utmost skill of the surgeons was put forth in a vain attempt to save his life. While they were engaged in examining his wounds, Wolfe continued to raise himself from time to time to watch the progress of the battle. His eyesight beginning to fail he leaned backwards upon one of the grenadiers who had supported him from

the field, and his heavy breathing, and an occasional groan, alone showed that life remained.

"See how they run!" suddenly exclaimed an officer, who stood beside the dying general.

"Who run?" cried Wolfe, instantly raising himself on his elbow, and looking up as if life were returning with full vigour.

"The French," answered the officer, "they are giving way in all directions."

"Run, one of you," said the general, speaking with great firmness, "run to Colonel Burton; tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River with all speed, so as to secure the bridge, and cut off the enemy's retreat."

His orders were obeyed, and after a short pause he continued, "Now, God be praised, I shall die happy!" He fell back at these words, turned convulsively on his side, and expired.

Montcalm had also fallen in the battle; the enemy was totally routed; and five days after Quebec capitulated to General Townshend.

The body of the gallant and high-minded Wolfe was placed in spirits, and thus conveyed home in a ship of war. When the hero's remains arrived at Portsmouth, minute guns were fired, the flags half struck, and a body of troops, with reversed arms, received the coffin on the

beach, and followed the hearse. Parliament voted Wolfe a monument in Westminster Abbey, and in that venerable pile would have been his last resting-place, but a mother claimed the ashes of her son, and laid them beside those of his father in a vault of the parish church of Greenwich.



SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY.

BEGINS ACTIVE LIFE AT THREE-SCORE—A RETREAT IN FLANDERS—HONOUR AND EMOLUMENT—HOLLAND AGAIN—SIR RALPH ORDERED AGAINST THE FRENCH IN EGYPT—ENTERS ABOUKIR BAY—A FRIEND TURNS INTO A FOE—GALLANT LANDING OF THE TROOPS—THE FRENCH DRIVEN BACK—EFFECTS OF THE MIRAGE—BATTLE OF ABOUKIR—FIGHTING IN THE DARK—PERIL OF SIR RALPH—A CORPORAL TAKES SURE AIM—ABERCROMBY'S WOUND—DIES ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP—A PATRIARCHAL FATHER.

THE hero of Aboukir was the eldest son of a Scottish gentleman. He was born October 7, 1733, at a village in Scotland called Menstrie. His boyhood was not marked by any incident, nor did he show any peculiarities of taste or character. An old grey-haired chronicler of the village used to say of him, in his homely Scottish style, "Ralph was a douce solid lad, no muckle given to daft-like jinks, and liken weel to roam about by his lane."

Forty years of peaceful life is seldom the lot of a soldier, yet through this long period Abercromby passed without having been in the presence of an enemy. He entered the army in 1756, and rose from cornet to general before he

accompanied the Duke of York to Flanders in 1793, to make his first essay in the great art of war. He, however, soon established his reputation as "a gallant and judicious officer." On one occasion he saved the whole army from destruction by the skilful manner in which he covered the retreat across the Morgue. At another time he received a wound during battle, but continued actively to command his division; and even when the firing ceased he would scarcely allow the surgeon to look to his hurt.

The duke returned to England in 1794, leaving General Abercromby to conduct one of the most trying retreats to which an army has ever been driven. It was early in January that spiking his heavy guns, and destroying his stores, he crossed the frozen river Waal. The French commander Pichegru followed him so closely that an action could not be avoided. The rear-guard was halted—a sharp fight ensued—and not till almost every man in the British army had shared in the contest, did victory show itself on our side. But it was for life, not victory, that the troops fought—so as soon as night set in the retreat was continued. A corporal in a regiment of the foot guards has left an account of this retreat in his journal—a description of

the proceedings of three days shows the painful nature of a soldier's life when in active duty.

“January 16th.—We marched at the appointed hour, and, after a very tedious journey, about three o'clock in the afternoon, reached the verge of an immense desert called the Welaw; when, instead of having gained, as we expected, a resting-place for the night, we were informed that we had fifteen miles further to go. Upon this information, many began to be much dejected, and not without reason; for several of us, besides suffering the severity of the weather and fatigue of the march, had neither ate nor drank any thing, except water, that day. For the first three or four miles, such a dismal prospect appeared as none of us ever witnessed before; a bare sandy desert, with a tuft of withered grass or a solitary shrub here and there. The wind was excessively high, and drifted the snow and sand together so strongly, that we could hardly wrestle against it; to which was added a severity of cold almost insufferable. The frost was so intense that the water which came from our eyes, freezing as it fell, hung in icicles to our eye-lashes; and our breath, congealing as soon as emitted, lodged in heaps of ice about our faces, and on the blankets and cloaks that were wrapped about our heads.

“Night fast approaching, a great number, both of men and women began to linger behind, their spirits being quite exhausted, and their hopes of reaching their destination gone. If they once lost sight of the column of march, though but for a few minutes, it being dark, and no track to follow, there was no chance of finding it again. In this state, numbers were induced to sit down or creep under the shelter of bushes, where, weary, spiritless, and without hope, a few minutes consigned them to sleep; but, alas! whoever slept awakened no more—their blood almost instantly congealed in their veins—the spring of life soon dried up, and if ever they opened their eyes, it was only to be sensible of the last moments of their existence. Others, aware of the danger of sitting down, but having lost the column, wandered up and down the pathless waste, surrounded by darkness and despair; no sound to comfort their ears but the bleak whistling winds; no sight to bless their eyes but the wide, trackless desert and shapeless drift; far from human help—far from pity—down they sank to rise up no more!

“About half past ten o’clock we reached Brickborge, where, to add to our misfortunes, we could hardly find room to shelter ourselves from the weather, every house being already

filled with Hessian infantry, who are in no respect friendly to the English. In several houses they positively refused us entrance, and in every one denied us admittance to the fire; at the same time they posted sentries by the cellar doors to prevent the inhabitants from selling us any liquors. Even their commanding officer pushed, with his own hands, a number of our men neck and heels out of his quarters. Thus were we situated, till, partly by force, partly by stealth, we crept in where we could, glad to obtain the shelter of a house at any rate.

“January 17th.—We halted this day, and in the morning wagons were sent out with a number of men to search for those who were left behind. Many were found in the route of the column; but a greater number who had straggled farther off were never heard of more. In one place seven men, one woman, and a child were found dead; in another, a man, woman, and two children; in another, a man, a woman, and a child; and an unhappy woman being taken in labour, she, with her husband and infant, were all found lifeless. One or two men were found alive, but their hands and feet were frozen to such a degree, as to be dropping off by the wrists and ankles.

“January 19th.—Perhaps never did a British

army experience such distress as ours does at this time. Not a village, not a house, but what bears witness to our misery in containing some dead and others dying: some are daily found who have crawled into houses singly; other houses contain five, six, or seven together—some dead or dying, or unable to walk; and as for those that are able, it is no easy matter for them to find their way; for the country is one continued desert, without roads—every track filled up with the falling and drifting snow. Add to all this, the inhabitants are our most inveterate enemies, and, where opportunity offers, will rather murder a poor distressed Englishman than direct him in the right way—several instances of which treatment we have already known.”

Closely pursued, this worn out, yet not undisciplined army reached Bremen, in Lower Saxony. A fleet sent round for them took them on board on the 14th of April, and landed them in safety in England, ere the end of the month.

The manner in which Abercromby effected this retreat caused high hopes of a future successful career. In the autumn of 1795 he was placed in command of an expedition against the French in the West Indies. After driving them out of several of our islands, he returned in

1797, when his services were rewarded by creating him a Knight of the Order of the Bath. He was also appointed colonel of the Scotch Greys, made Governor of the Isle of Wight, besides having the lucrative governments of Fort George and Fort Augustus give to him.

After a peaceful command in Ireland, of more than twelve months, we find Sir Ralph again in Holland—the English government having once more determined to attempt the liberation of that country from the tyranny of France. A well-equipped army of twenty-five thousand men assembled on the coast of Kent—the Duke of York having the chief command, the division with which a landing was to be effected, and thus a hold secured upon Holland, was given to Sir Ralph. Twelve thousand men, with necessary artillery, and two or three troops of horse, sailed early in August, 1799, but after coming in sight of their destination, a gale compelled them to stand off at sea. Meantime the French became well prepared to receive them.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 29th, every boat in the fleet was manned, and protected by a heavy fire from the brigs, transports, and other vessels within range, the troops approached the Helder point. As they neared the landing place, they could see the tops of the

white tents of the French over a line of waving sand hills; but not a gun was fired against them, nor did an enemy appear till the first division began to march forward. It was then suddenly assailed with great fury in front by a strong body of infantry, and on the right by a troop of horse-soldiers. General Abercromby received the attack with a firmness which disconcerted the enemy. Unable from the nature of the ground to bring more than one battalion to oppose the cavalry on the right, he pushed forward his light troops on the left so as overlap the infantry which were trying to bear down his centre, and thus exposed them to a double fire. The seamen were straining every nerve to bring fresh troops ashore; as these arrived the enemy gave way, and at last retreated in great confusion. The night was passed among the sand hills, thus won at the point of the bayonet.

Next morning General Moore was sent forward to invest the fortress, when he found the gates open—the place having been abandoned during the night. Abercromby immediately drew up his army along the peninsula; and having thus gained a safe position, he awaited the arrival of fresh support. In a few days he learned that Admiral Mitchell had gained possession of the Dutch fleet, and being partly

reinforced, he marched forward about a league, and entrenched himself near the Zyper.

General Brune, the French commandant, now became anxious for a battle before the Duke of York's troops, and a powerful body of Russians, arrived to strengthen Abercromby. Finding the English not inclined to move, early one morning he advanced with three heavy columns to attack them in their lines. Driving in the outposts as might be expected, he advanced confidently up to the entrenchments; but ere his columns could form into line, a volley of musketry, and of grape from the British artillery, discharged with coolness and precision, staggered the men so much, that every effort of their officers to restore order proved vain. Fierce and frequent but irregular attacks were made without success, and soon after mid-day the enemy was in full retreat.

The Duke of York and the Russians soon arrived, but, the remainder of the campaign not being under Sir Ralph's direction, we hasten on to the time when he was placed in an independent command, under more favourable circumstances in many respects than had yet been afforded him.

An armament containing nearly twenty thousand men, destined to some secret attempt on

the coast of Italy, afterwards rendered unnecessary, had been placed under Sir Ralph's guidance in July 1800. While still in the Mediterranean, orders arrived for him to turn his force against the French in Egypt—the army there having been now deserted by Buonaparte. Nelson's glorious victory of the Nile had lately been gained, and Malta having surrendered, the hope of success was raised very high in the breast of Abercromby, who, before he received instructions, had often cast a wistful eye to this quarter.

Arriving at Malta, the transports were thoroughly cleansed and fumigated, while the quartermaster-general was sent on to the next gathering place, to arrange with the Turks for constant supplies of vegetables and other fresh provisions. Admiral Lord Keith commanded the naval department of this expedition, and his intention was to bring the fleet to anchor at Rhodes, but a gale prevented this. While the ships were sailing almost at random a large natural harbour, called the bay of Marmorice, was discovered, and into this they steered. As soon as the narrow inlet was passed, all was calm. "The surprise, the pleasure of the soldiers," writes an eye-witness, "can scarcely be described when they found themselves, in a

moment, embayed by mountains, which formed the grandest scenery imaginable, and sailing in smooth water, although the instant before the fleet was labouring in a heavy gale of wind, and rolling about in a tremendous sea. Even ships which could not carry outside a top gallant sail, were now suddenly becalmed, and obliged to be towed up the harbour by the boats of the fleet." A camp was speedily formed on the shores—the sick were transported thither—and the foot regiments, being landed by turns, were exercised in the peculiar movements they would soon require to perform in the presence of the enemy.

Many causes of delay kept the fleet at anchor in this bay much longer than Sir Ralph had intended. Horses were needed for the cavalry troops, and a flotilla of gun-boats was expected from Turkey. A very inefficient supply of the former at last came, and only a few boats. At this time there was not in the whole fleet a map of Egypt on which the slightest reliance could be placed, and not a man was acquainted with the interior of the country. In truth, the late consul of Alexandria, and Sir Sydney Smith, were the only two who had any knowledge of the country about to be invaded; while the intelligence of each day clearly shewed that the enterprise must be immedi-

ately entered upon. The French army was found to be more numerous than anticipated, and it was rumoured that vessels containing supplies constantly escaped the vigilance of the English, and landed men and stores. As he found no valuable support was likely to be afforded by the natives, while delay rendered matters more formidable, General Abercromby determined at once to attempt a descent single handed, risking the consequences.

The fleet left the delightful bay of Marmorice on the 23d of February, 1801. In a few hours after weighing anchor, one hundred and seventy-five sail, containing in all fifteen thousand three hundred and thirty men, were again on the wide ocean. Three days after, a squadron of store-ships from England joined them, and on the 2nd of March, at an early hour, the whole fleet anchored in Aboukir bay. Squally weather prevented a landing being attempted for an entire week. One day while thus annoyingly idle, a frigate suddenly cut her cable,—shot a-head—hoisted French colours—and entered the harbour of Alexandria. It proved to be a French vessel, which, having captured some English ships, had acquired the signals in use among the fleet, and had fearlessly sailed with it as one of the expedition. She had on board a

large quantity of military stores, and a detachment of expert gunners, while she doubtless carried valuable intelligence of the British force to General Menou.

Three armed launches, containing Sir Ralph Abercromby, Sir Sydney Smith, and some staff officers, reconnoitered the shore on the evening of the 7th. They found that, from the preparations of the French, the strongest opposition must be anticipated. Infantry and cavalry in strong bodies occupied the sandhills, which, extending in a half circle, formed a battery of nearly a mile in extent, with the castle of Aboukir at one end. Twelve pieces of cannon crowned the ridge at different points; several mortars were observed half-hidden; and the guns of the fort shewed that a complete cross fire could be kept up on every point of approach. Still a landing *must* be forced, and the night was spent in necessary arrangements.

Day had dawned ere the ships, which in consequence of the gale had lain far apart, could be concentrated. At eight o'clock the boats were all arranged, so that each body of men might take its allotted place in the line on the instant of landing. Expectation and suspense had reached their height, when at nine the

signal was given, and the boats shot towards the shore.

Every soldier sat erect and motionless—the splash of oars was the only sound heard as in close and exact order the long line of boats moved rapidly onwards. The silence was not of long duration. The French stood to their arms, and their whole artillery opened fire. In an instant the sea hissed and boiled behind and before the boats—shot and shells falling in tremendous showers around them. Each stroke of the oars brought them into greater peril—grape and musket shots flying like hail. Still there was little confusion—the seamen pulled vigorously onward—and in a few seconds the boats touched the sand.

Leaping into the water, although nearly waist deep, the troops rushed to the beach, formed in an instant, and with fixed bayonets on their unloaded muskets charged impetuously up the steep. The enemy did not advance, but continued firing volleys from the summits, which our troops soon gained. Although breathless with toiling through the loose sand, they sprang forward with their bayonets levelled, when the enemy, without staying to reload, fled in great disorder. A troop of dragoons charged upon

the English; but a heavy fire from the 42d regiment killed the commander, and the troopers galloped off in the utmost confusion. A severe contest had meantime been kept up on a level part of the beach, where the guards had landed; but the French were at last completely driven back. The landing was now achieved, the battle won, and the enemy in full retreat to Alexandria. Swarms of sharp shooters covered their flight; but no pursuit was attempted.

The rest of the troops now landed, wells were dug near the date trees, where water is sure to be found, and storehouses erected. In a few days the whole army pushed forward about four miles towards Alexandria. A slight skirmish took place, before a regular encampment could be formed; it was, however, only between the patrols of each army. At night the troops lay down under a grove of palm trees, with their arms piled beside them, in high expectation of the events of the morrow. The enemy, considerably increased in numbers, lay two miles in their front, strongly posted among some sand hills.

At an early hour the British army quitted the ground. Abercromby had divided the troops into three columns, and appointed a strong squadron of gun-boats to support the movements

on shore, by keeping parallel with the left column of the army. This was accomplished by the boats approaching as close as possible to the beach, their oars keeping time with the march of the soldiers.

A short march carrying them beyond the grove of palms under which they had passed the night, the leading regiments found themselves in the presence of the French. A body of five thousand foot and six hundred horse soldiers having more than thirty pieces of cannon presented a formidable array upon the ridge of the sand hills. On one side lay the lake of Aboukir, and the other was protected by the canal of Alexandria. The 90th and 92d regiments formed the advance of our army, and became quickly engaged with greatly superior numbers. The French had been found quite prepared for battle, and now, quitting their high ground, they hastened forward to meet the English, who, instantly spreading themselves into line, received the attack with equal readiness. The 92d manfully held its ground against the infantry, while the 90th contended with the cavalry, who had charged them vigorously supposing them to be dismounted dragoons, from the helmets which they wore as light troops. In the conflict, Colonel Hill, now the well known and respected

Lord Hill, was beaten to the ground by a ball which struck his helmet. Happily the tough brass prevented it from penetrating. Sir Ralph now came up with his reserve in column, slowly advancing, for, being without horses, the efforts of the seamen barely served to move the guns through the loose sand which reached up to the axles. The enemy, without waiting for this new attack, were already retreating in good order. A shot at this moment struck Sir Ralph's horse, which fell, and Sir Ralph was instantly surrounded by the enemy's cavalry. The soldiers of the 90th, with devoted bravery, forced their way through, and bore their general unhurt from his perilous situation.

The heights, so lately bristling with men, were now abandoned, the enemy having withdrawn to an entrenched position before Alexandria. Determining, if possible, to drive them from their stronghold ere they were well established in it, Abercromby ordered his centre column still to advance. The wings took a wider sweep on each side, so as to gain possession of some eminences which might protect the main body. Thus they proceeded, till within range of the batteries. Here a halt was ordered, the appearance of the enemy's works and the country on every side showing the necessity of more minutely

examining the difficulties to be overcome. The general and his staff rode forward to reconnoitre, while through some mistake the poor soldiers were left exposed to the fire of forty-two guns, with which the French marksmen mowed them down, as if for practice, during the hours the officers were employed in their investigation. This was a sad error, for the men might have marched out of the line of the shot by slightly turning to either side.

Sir Ralph found many obstacles in the way of his design of driving the French at once from their position. The Arabs he had with him, who knew the country, either did not understand the questions put to them, or, mistaking their object, gave confused answers, so that Abercromby soon saw he must rely solely on his own observations. But here again the face of the country was of that nature to deceive the eye of a stranger, and a great mistake was committed by supposing the right of the enemy protected by a large lake, when, in fact, it was an open plain, which, in consequence of its surface being covered with a kind of salt, dazzled the eye, and strongly resembled a sheet of water. The state of the air, too, gave the batteries of the French an appearance of greater height and strength than they really possessed. These

imagined obstacles caused a suspension of the attack, and the troops were ordered to fall back on the post whence the enemy had been driven in the morning.

As before stated this ground was protected on its sides by the lake of Aboukir, and a canal. The face of the British army was of course the reverse of that of the division of the French army which had occupied the same ground some hours earlier; and a slight further change brought both the lake and canal to protect their left, while they had the sea on their right. Near the canal was a level which the engineers strengthened with two batteries; the range of hills in the centre sloped gradually down towards the enemy's entrenchments; while, on the right, was another range, amid which, within gun-shot of the shore, stood a ruined ancient palace. Near this a redoubt was erected, and the arrangements were completed by posting the different regiments of foot and cavalry in the most favourable position, covering the whole by a line of pickets along the bottom of the sand hills, from the canal to the sea. Thus the whole army lay till the morning of the 21st of March, the interim being employed in bringing stores, tents, and other conveniences from the fleet. Fort Aboukir, which had been invested from the

day of landing, at length yielded; and the 20th regiment, which had been employed in its siege, joined the encamped army.

One morning the intelligence was brought to Sir Ralph, that several bodies of French troops had been seen marching across the supposed lake; the illusion was, of course, instantly dispelled, an accurate examination of this flat ground was immediately commenced, and, as soon as this could be completed, it was resolved to attack the enemy by night. Information was, however, now brought that the enemy meditated acting on the offensive, and that an assault might be daily expected. Abercromby was so well pleased by this news, that at first he could scarcely credit it—it would so exactly fulfil his wishes. During the whole time of their encampment the utmost vigilance had been exercised, and the troops were put under arms at three o'clock every morning, so that further precautions against surprise were unnecessary.

Dark as midnight proved the morning of the 21st, yet the ranks were well formed, and the troops stood for half an hour in battle order. This time their array was to prove more than mere parade. Suddenly the clear-ringing shot of a carbine broke the silence of the desert—it was immediately followed by the boom of cannon,

thrice, in quick succession. The men held their breaths in eager suspense as all once more became still. Again!—but it was now a volley of musketry, the attack had begun—and every breast filled with ardour.

A horseman galloped across the front of the army in the direction of the firing, his white plume gleaming through the darkness. It was General Moore, who as officer of the night hurried to ascertain the cause of alarm. All was again silent; and the general soon rode back, bringing the news of an attack of the enemy on a picket by the canal having been repulsed. His horse had scarcely carried him back to his own brigade on the right, ere a wild and broken shout from the plain below told of the approach of the enemy on that side; and a steady volley of musketry pouring in, showed that the hour of conflict had at length arrived.

Springing on his horse Sir Ralph Abercromby rode immediately to the redoubt. He found the troops, which General Moore had skilfully disposed, gallantly repelling a very furious assault on the redoubt, the ruins, and an open space occupied by the 42nd regiment. Although the breaches in the walls of the ruin were scarcely manned by the regiment which occupied it, and

the 42nd had to contend with vastly superior numbers, yet the resistance was at this time most successful; while other regiments moving briskly up, by a well directed fire beat down whole sections of the now disordered assailants.

Not a streak of dawn had yet glimmered in the sky; while the curling smoke adding to the darkness, at arm's-length all was invisible. Under cover of this cloud a column of French infantry, called the Invincibles, from the renown of their former deeds, passed silently through a hollow between the guards and the 42nd; then suddenly wheeling round they took this regiment in rear, and pushed on to the redoubt. By this movement they unwittingly caused their own destruction. The 42nd had been divided into two parallel lines, and between these the luckless French had placed themselves. The moment their situation was perceived, the right wing charged forward with fixed bayonets, and the left, round which the Invincibles had passed, facing about, also rushed fiercely on them. Confounded by this double attack, they dashed at the ruins, and, in spite of a murderous fire, gained an entrance. Then began a fearful struggle with bayonet and butt-end, while the Highlanders cut down in the rear. At length

two hundred men, all that remained of the Invincibles, threw down their arms and were made prisoners.

The pursuit of the Invincibles by the rear-rank of the 42nd had much weakened that regiment, which, meantime, was attacked by fresh troops of infantry. General Moore hastened to bring up the rest of the regiment, while the presence of Abercromby filled the men with the highest courage.

“My brave Highlanders,” cried Sir Ralph, “remember your country—remember your fathers!”

This brief speech was enough—with a shout they brought their muskets to the level—fired—and then rushing forward drove the enemy in great confusion before their bayonets. But a cruel trial awaited this gallant band. Day was now breaking, and the glimmering light showed some squadrons of horse in motion and bearing down upon them. The cavalry passed through their ranks ere they could regain their order. Though broken, they were not yet defeated; each man fought bravely, and the cavaliers at last drew off; but these, on wheeling round, found themselves floundering in a number of little holes dug in the sand, in which our men had kept their camp kettles. Thus entrapped

and exposed to the fire of the redoubt, men and horses thickly strewed the ground. But a body of infantry now came up to their support, and when those retired, a fresh squadron of horse bore in; the bodies of the slain soon completely covered the ground—and almost to a man died the gallant forty-second!

Cheering his men, and endeavouring to restore order by his presence, Abercromby had remained, without a single officer of his staff, throughout the fearful contest. Two French dragoons observing him galloped furiously at him.

“Surrender! Surrender!” cried both horsemen, endeavouring to lead him off prisoner.

“I will not yield!” answered the brave veteran, suddenly freeing himself.

A desperate longe at his breast was instantly made by one of the troopers—and though the sword passed under Sir Ralph’s arm, the guard severely bruised his shoulder. Seizing the weapon by the hilt, Abercromby, after a short struggle, wrested it out of the Frenchman’s hand, and then turned to meet his other opponent. But *he* was already dead—a corporal of the 42nd, having seen the danger of his commander, shot the man by applying the muzzle of his piece to the side of the soldier, that the aim might be fatal.

In the centre the battle was also severe. The left wing was only exposed to a distant cannonade. Finding every attack repulsed, the French brought all their force to bear upon the point where the left of the centre joined the right wing. Yet not once could they penetrate the firm and compact line opposed to them. Ammunition failing—even when the last cartridge was spent, with cool and unflinching courage the British soldiers stood with their bayonets presented, repelling each assault. At eight o'clock, driven back from every quarter, the French continued their cannonade, but fought close at hand with their skirmishers only. From time to time larger bodies approached the English line—the muskets were then brought to the level, although unable to fire. At last a supply of ammunition arrived, and the guns opened. The enemy waited no longer—a retreat sounded—and in all haste, though unpursued, they fled to Alexandria.

The joy which every soldier—officer or private—felt at the victory, was soon changed to deep sorrow—the news had passed from lip to lip that the commander-in-chief was dangerously wounded. During the first charge of the French cavalry, a bullet had struck Sir Ralph, but till now he had concealed the dangerous nature of



GALLANTRY OF ABERCROMBY.

the wound. A short time after being wounded, he attempted to dismount. A soldier of the Highlanders noticed the difficult manner in which he alighted and ran to assist him, then taking his horse, enquired if he should follow him with it. Abercromby replied that during that day he should require his horse no more. No officer was near him at this time, but he shortly met Sir Sidney Smith, to whom, seeing that his sword was broken, he offered the trophy he had gained from the Frenchman. Not for a moment did he show a symptom of pain, his interest in the state of the field continued the same, and though some of his staff now observed blood trickling down his thigh, he walked with so firm and steady a step, that the idea of his being severely wounded did not once occur. On an elevated spot, near the centre of the line, whence he had a full view of the whole contest, he remained, giving his orders in his usual manner to his officers as they arrived. Nor till the victory was assured, did he yield to exhausted nature. He then acknowledged that he required a little rest, and lay down on a small sand-hill close to the battery.

Great was the astonishment when the nature of his wound was made known. The ball had lodged deep in the hip-joint, a part on which the

whole weight of his body must have borne, and how he moved at all thus wounded was most surprising. His agony must have been great, and nothing but the intense interest of the conflict could have rendered him superior to it. The spot on which he lay was quickly surrounded by his officers, while at a little distance stood the soldiers in groups. By many hearts was Abercromby loved, for though strict in discipline, kindness was ever united with rigour; and, perhaps, the very men he had been obliged to punish loved him most. Tears streamed down each rugged countenance, and when he was lifted up and placed on a litter to be conveyed to the flag-ship, blessings and prayers were uttered by the whole army.

“Whatever,” says his biographer, “science could suggest, or skill execute, to preserve a life so valuable, was performed by the medical gentlemen both of the fleet and the army. Every possible effort was made to extract the ball; and he bore for awhile with so much firmness the painful and irritating operation, that confident hopes were entertained almost to the last moment. It appeared, however, that the mind was on this occasion too active for the body. Sir Ralph Abercromby could not be persuaded to divert his thoughts from the condition and pro-

spects of the army, over which he continued to watch, while a patient in the flag-ship, with the same intensity of interest which he had experienced while on shore. His son, Lieutenant-colonel Abercromby, attended him from day to day, and took his instructions exactly as if no misfortune had befallen him. It would have been marvellous had nature withstood this twofold pressure, of bodily suffering and mental disquiet. Throughout the evening of the 27th he became more than usually restless, complaining of excessive langour and an increased degree of thirst; and, from an early hour on the morning of the 28th, his medical attendants entertained serious apprehensions. These were not unfounded; for after lingering a few hours, apparently in little pain, though labouring under a difficulty of respiration exceedingly distressing to behold, the lamp of life went out, and the soul of the chivalrous and kind-hearted veteran returned 'to Him who gave it.'"

Thus died Lieutenant-general Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was a rare instance of the superiority of a natural genius for war to the generally requisite experience. Sixty-two before he faced an enemy, it was at the advanced age of sixty-eight that the battle of Aboukir was fought, and on that occasion his activity and vigilance—

his skill in the management of his own troops, and his quick foresight of the movements of the foe, would have done honour to, and been remarkable in a commander in the full vigour of his years. Had he been called earlier to guide a British army his name would have been second to but few among the "Heroes of England."

A monument in the island of Malta, erected by the officers and men of the army, marks the the earthly resting-place of Sir Ralph Abercromby.

A curious anecdote of Sir Ralph's father has been related. This gentleman was born in 1704, and lived to see his four sons attain the highest place in their different professions. His second son, Sir Robert, became commander-in-chief in the East Indies; the next was a learned judge; while the fourth acquired a handsome fortune in the service of the East India Company. Three daughters were married to gentlemen of family and fortune, all residing so near to him that he could dine with any one of them any day he chose. His fourth daughter devoted herself to the care of his declining years.

The old gentleman dined with Lady Abercromby the day in May, 1800, that Sir Ralph, having been summoned by a king's messenger,

had set out for London to embark on his last expedition. Many anxious and affectionate inquiries fell from the old man's lips. Among other questions he asked what service was intended for his son.

"It was not named," replied Lady Abercromby, "but Sir Ralph anticipates being at once employed."

"Ah!" exclaimed his father, "they will wear him out too soon, and make Ralph *an old man* before his time," (Sir Ralph was now sixty-eight) "with their expeditions to the West Indies one year, and to Holland the next year:—if Ralph would follow my advice, he would settle at home and take his rest."

"I am much afraid he will again be sent abroad," observed Lady Abercromby.

"Then he will never see me more," said the anxious parent, as the tear started to his eye.

The prediction proved too true. The father died at the patriarchal age of ninety-seven, a few months before the son whose absence he had so sincerely regretted.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

EARLY DAYS—THE YOUNG DUKE OF HAMILTON—MOORE AND THE
EMPEROR JOSEPH—CAPTAIN MOORE BECOMES A MERCHANT'S
CLERK—CORSIKA—THE WEST INDIES—EGYPT—AN ARMY OF
PRISONERS—EASY DRILLING—ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM PITT AND
MOORE—A TRUE SOLDIER—THE PENINSULA—PRESENCE OF MIND
IN AN OFFICER—TERRIBLE RETREAT—SAD DISAPPOINTMENT—SIR
JOHN MOORE RESOLVES TO FIGHT—CAPTAIN BASIL HALL—AD-
VENTURE OF A FIG—BATTLE OF CORUNNA—A CANNON-BALL
WOUNDS SIR JOHN—HIGHLAND BEARERS—BURIAL OF SIR JOHN
MOORE—PRIVATE CHARACTER—EMBARKATION OF THE TROOPS.

THERE is a tall and narrow fronted house in the Trongate of Glasgow, nearly facing the Tron Church, which, like many of its neighbours, has stood there since the palmy days of the Stuarts. In the year 1761, this house was occupied by a surgeon of considerable eminence. Dr. Moore had originally been assistant-surgeon in a Scotch regiment, while serving in Flanders. His talents and the favour of Lord Stair, the commander of the forces, soon raised him to the post of surgeon in one of the battalions of the Guards; and subsequently he was chosen by Lord Albemarle, then Ambassador to the French court, to accompany him as domestic surgeon. At length returning to his native land, he

established himself in Glasgow, where his skill soon gained him high reputation. A niece of the celebrated mathematician, Professor Simpson, became his wife, and the first child that was presented to him by this lady was the future hero Sir John Moore. This notice of the father has been necessary, to account for the rapid rise of the son in the profession of a soldier; for his military friends did not forget their gentlemanly doctor as well as agreeable companion, and they showed their remembrance by the countenance and assistance they afforded his son.

When very young, Moore, after receiving the rudiments of education at the Grammar School of Glasgow, was placed under the roof of a clergyman in Switzerland, that he might thus perfectly master the French and German languages. At fifteen, he was summoned home, to join the 51st regiment, in which he had been appointed ensign; but scarcely had he assumed his rank when an event happened which proved of no slight service to his future career.

The Duchess of Hamilton had chosen Dr. Moore as travelling tutor of the young duke, her son, who being of delicate constitution, required the care of a skilful physician; and as he also possessed quick parts, a gentleman of talent and

experience was equally necessary to watch over him during his tour of the continent.

Young Moore was at this time a very handsome youth, and of elegant and graceful manners; when he was presented to the duchess by his father, her Grace, pleased with his many accomplishments and the excellent judgment he already displayed, entreated that he also might accompany the young duke, who was nearly of the same age. This arrangement met with no opposition, and a strong friendship between the young men was the result. The trio visited France, Switzerland, Italy, and the German states. Nobility is always well received, and young Moore found the best society open to him. Everywhere he attracted the notice of old and young, more especially at Vienna, the paradise for strangers. The Emperor Joseph made him tempting offers, if he would quit the English army, and enter the Austrian service. As a soldier, Moore loved his profession; but, as a patriot, he loved his country still more, and the imperial patronage was respectfully refused. The Duke of Brunswick made him equally flattering proposals, but to these also he turned a deaf ear. At the end of the tour he returned to England, and joined the 82nd regiment, to which he had meantime been promoted as lieutenant.

Education eighty years ago was a system somewhat different from that of the present day ; and the knowledge of accounts, now thought so essential, was not then deemed requisite in the education of a gentleman. At the end of four years, Moore found himself a captain, having also the post of paymaster to the regiment. He soon felt his deficiency as an accountant, and at once with zeal and intelligence hit on a remedy. He requested leave of absence from his corps, obtained it, and, retiring to Glasgow, entered the counting-house of a merchant, as amateur clerk. Thus did his good sense triumph over the prejudices of the old mode of education.

After accompanying his regiment to America, Captain Moore held a seat in the House of Commons for six years ; but he was heart and soul a soldier, and in 1790, having obtained a lieutenant-colonelcy, he resigned his place, and joined his battalion in Ireland.

Hitherto Moore had been learning the duties of his profession. He was now called to the serious discharge of those duties, being despatched to Corsica to assist the patriotic General Paoli in driving out the French. In a few months the island was wrested from the grasp of France, and for a while became attached to the British crown. Moore remained for some

time in command of a large body of troops left to guard it in case of a re-invasion, until a disagreement arising between himself and the English governor, Sir George Elliot, he was recalled. Next year, however, he was again in activity, proceeding to the West Indies as second in command under Sir Ralph Abercromby. When the commander-in-chief withdrew (as stated in the sketch of Sir Ralph's life) General Moore remained with several regiments, that the conquests of our army might be maintained. This was a service of some danger, for bands of the French troops having escaped to the mountains in the interior of the islands, and being joined by hundreds of runaway slaves, the inroads they made on the plantations from time to time for plunder, kept the inhabitants in constant alarm. Into the wildest recesses of the mountains, Moore pursued these brigands, and at length compelled them to surrender at discretion.

Sickness soon prevailed among the troops in consequence of the hardships to which they had been exposed in this baneful climate. Two-thirds of the army died during one year. One of the regiments was reduced from nearly a thousand to less than a hundred men. From the first to the last, the general shared the

fatigues and trials of the troops; living like the meanest, on salt pork and biscuit, and at night sleeping in the woods with no covering but his cloak. The officers fell victims to the climate so fast that Moore found it necessary to issue orders that none, except in the last extremity, should leave the island. This painful step was unavoidable, for scarcely sufficient remained to carry on the current duties of the army. The sickness at last attacked General Moore himself. His medical attendants besought him to quit the country, but he disregarded all their entreaties till his malady rendered him unconscious of all around him. He was then carried on board ship; and at sea, after a severe struggle, he recovered. Then after thoroughly fulfilling the object of the expedition, he returned to England.

The proceedings of the British army in Holland at this time, and soon after in Egypt, have been fully detailed in the narrative of Sir Ralph Abercromby. Moore accompanied this general, and his name has already been mentioned in the account of the battle of Aboukir. On that day he was severely wounded by a musket ball. During his recovery, the French had surrendered at Cairo, on condition that they should be permitted to withdraw from Egypt, carrying with them their arms, baggage, and

artillery; the English further granting them a free passage to Rosetta, where means were provided to carry them to France. According to this agreement, the French army consisting of nearly eleven thousand men drew off. With only six thousand men, General Moore marched by their side on the road to Rosetta. The strictest discipline was maintained, and each night the escort encamped with every precaution within cannon shot of these prisoners at large, who were well armed and not disposed to be very scrupulous. On taking leave, the French commander exclaimed, "General Moore, never was a more orderly and better regulated movement executed, than has been performed by your troops!"

When Lord William Bentinck arrived at Alexandria, the instructions he brought with him directed General Moore to set sail for England. During a short peace, he found recreation in social circles, of which he was the ornament, and in foreign travel. About this time he obtained permission to try a new system of drilling on one of the regiments at home. Up to this period the drill comprehended a number of most unnatural movements, such as an absurd pointing of the toe, springing the foot in marching, keeping the neck stiff, with

the chest and stomach thrown forward, &c. In place of these, General Moore brought every posture as nearly as possible to the natural ones, and endeavoured to render the well-equipped soldier as free and unrestrained as the naked savage. His men were soon distinguished by their easy and graceful movements, and their progress was more rapid from such drill occupying only an hour, repeated four times a day. Thus the recruits never became weary, and their one hour's drill being performed with undivided attention, proved often as effective as the three hours task under the former arrangement.

An invasion of our island by the French, was threatened about this time. A light brigade, as the troops to oppose such an attempt were called, was therefore formed on the coast of Kent, and the command given to General Moore. The celebrated statesman, William Pitt, at that time prime minister, also held the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque ports. The premier passed much of his leisure time at Walmer Castle; and, as general of the Kent district, Moore was a frequent visitor. They often rode out together, and their conversation very naturally sometimes related to the best mode of preventing the march of the French to London, in the event of their forcing a landing.

One day a friend met General Moore, just as he had taken leave of Mr. Pitt. "What a pity," was Moore's first remark, "that man was not brought up to the army."

"Indeed! why so?" was the natural enquiry.

"Because," replied Moore, "nature has made him a general. I never met with any one not a soldier, who so thoroughly understood how to make the most of his ground."

The command of an army raised to assist Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, was next placed in charge of General, and now Sir John Moore. The Swedish monarch, however, wishing Sir John to march his troops to Stockholm, while his orders from the British Government required him to remain in Norway, on his refusal placed him under a kind of arrest, by ordering him not to quit the capital. Moore had repaired, unattended, to Stockholm to pay his respects to the king, but on this uncourteous reception he quietly withdrew in disguise, and safely reaching his fleet, gave orders for sailing, and carried his army back to England.

Often had Sir John Moore declared that "if the king commanded him to act again as an ensign he would obey." Scarcely had he reached home, when, after twice filling with credit the office of commander-in-chief, he was required to

act under the orders of Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard, then proceeding to Spain to co-operate with Sir Arthur Wellesley. Many generals would have immediately resigned, but Sir John, although he felt keenly, at once accepted the charge forced upon him, and commenced its duties with zeal and alacrity.

The troops had not long reached their destination ere the chief command fell again to the share of Sir John Moore—Sir Harry being formally superseded, while Sir Hew Dalrymple followed Sir Arthur Wellesley to England. On the 6th of October, 1808, Moore was officially appointed to the command of an army to consist of thirty thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry. This force was to co-operate with the Spanish armies to expel the French from the dominions of Spain and Portugal. This trust proved a very heavy one, and Sir John was at once fully aware of its great difficulties. With over-weening vanity the Spaniards exaggerated their resources on all occasions, spoke of trifling victories as glorious triumphs, and so frequently entirely departed from the truth, that Sir John at length could place no reliance on any of their statements. It would be tedious to describe their numerous acts of duplicity—one must suffice.

While Sir John Moore waited at Salamanca for the arrival of General Hope with the artillery of the army, the Spanish junta sent two of their generals to press upon him the necessity of marching immediately to Madrid. Moore well knew that the Spanish levies were at this time scattered to the four winds, yet he heard attentively the account of the two Dons. A letter from the supreme secretary had preceded them, and they added their testimony to its assertions. "We can assure you, Sir John," said these emissaries, "that our armies are at this moment numerous, undismayed, and increasing every hour. General San Juan, at the head of twenty thousand men, has further so fortified the pass of Somosierra as to render Madrid secure on that side. We trust, therefore, you see the wisdom of our plans, and will join us in carrying them into effect."

"May I crave your favour one moment, gentlemen," replied Sir John, after having heard them with concealed contempt. Stepping into the ante-chamber he returned with Colonel Graham. "This gentleman," continued Moore, "left San Juan at Talavera last night, in what condition you well know" (the general had sustained a severe defeat and fled with the remains of his troops to this town). "Our conference,

gentlemen," he added, "need not be lengthened—I adhere to my own plans."

Napoleon had now arrived in person, and advanced towards Madrid at the head of one hundred thousand men. In two days the capital, though well equipped for an obstinate resistance, quietly yielded. The Spaniards, however, gave out that Napoleon had attacked the city and completely failed through an ingenious device of the citizens, who, they said, on the day of attack, "had thrown every article in their houses out of the windows—sofas and piano-fortes—pictures, kettles, and guitars; in short every moveable thing belonging to them. By means of this shower of furniture and utensils, the streets, which are said to be very narrow, were so completely barricaded, that the great Napoleon and his hitherto invincible legions, according to these veracious Spanish accounts, were at last fairly brought to a stand still by this exquisite stratagem. The doors of the houses being locked of course, the fierce invaders were driven to their wits'-end what to do with this wide ocean of pots and pans, or how to discover a passage through the forest of beds and band-boxes which rose upon their view at every corner." The whole population, women and children included, engaged themselves in the defence of the city;

thirty-two thousand Frenchmen were presently slain, and the rest, after a vain attempt to escape beyond the walls, were taken prisoners !

The *truth* soon reached Sir John Moore. Totally unfit to cope with so powerful an enemy, he saw the necessity of retreating ; but previously to doing so, he determined generously to make a forward movement, in order to draw the forces of Napoleon from the Spanish troops in the south, by inducing them to follow him towards the north western quarter of the country. He accordingly advanced towards Gahagun, where he established his head quarters. The plan thoroughly succeeded ; nearly the whole French army wheeled round and marched towards this city, hoping to surround the English forces. To withstand such overwhelming numbers would have been madness—a retreat was therefore commenced the beginning of the last week in December, 1808.

During one of the marches a large portion of the army was preserved from miserable destruction by the courage of one officer. One night the troops had halted at Benevente, and several thousand infantry were quartered in the long galleries of an immense convent built round a square. The lower corridors were filled with

the horses of the cavalry and artillery, so thickly stowed that it was scarcely possible for a single man to pass them, and there was but one entrance. After the fatigued soldiers were lain down to sleep, two officers, anxious to find shelter for the night for their men, also entered the convent. With great horror they saw that a large window-shutter was on fire, the flames were spreading to the rafters above, in a few moments the straw under the horses would ignite, and six thousand men and animals would inevitably perish in the flames. One of the officers, Captain Lloyd, a man of great activity, strength, and presence of mind, made a sign to his companion to keep silence, then springing on to the nearest horse, he ran along the backs of the others till he reached the flaming window shutter, which by main strength he tore from its hinges and cast into the square. Then quietly returning, he roused a few of the sleeping soldiers, who cleared the passage without creating any alarm, which in such a case might have proved nearly as destructive as the flames.

The port of Vigo was the point to which Sir John Moore now looked anxiously as the point whence his troops might be taken on board the transports he had ordered to be in readiness,

and then, by a few days' sailing, be conveyed to Cadiz, where, joined with the native armies, the war might be renewed successfully.

Leaving Benevente behind, the march lay through the wildest and most romantic country imagination could conceive. Even now, in the depth of a severe winter, when the mountain tops were covered with snow, and the falling sleet almost hid the prospect, the officers could not refrain from admiring its grandeur and sublimity. "To the army at large, however, the march brought with it only sufferings of the most deplorable kind. Men and horses foundered at every step; and of the unfortunate women, who, by some strange oversight, had been permitted in unusual numbers to follow their husbands, a large proportion lay down and died amid the snow wreaths." Under such circumstances discipline could not long be preserved—the men straggled—and on entering a town, "whole regiments, setting the orders of their officers at defiance, burst into the cellars and seized the liquors, which, with the recklessness of men who have given up all for lost, they drank till both minds and bodies became powerless." At Benevebre such a scene took place, and although the near rattle of carbines showed that the French followed closely on their steps, all

appeals to these miserable men were in vain. At length a strong rear-guard of cavalry was ordered to clear the wine-stores and provision cellars, and to force this rabble rout onward "even at the point of the bayonet." Scarcely had this disorderly march begun, when the alarm was given of the enemy's approach. The squadrons vainly attempted to hold the pursuers in check. Breaking through, the French horse rode furiously into the midst of the crowd, cutting down all who came within reach of their swords. In a few minutes the road was covered with slain. Some mangled wretches escaped, and these on gaining the army were led, by Sir John Moore's orders, bleeding as they were, along the columns, as living proofs of the results of insubordination in the presence of an enemy.

Torrents of rain and sleet—deep muddy roads, and the route often passing up steep ascents, rendered this retreat a most "terrible march." At length it became very evident that to continue the present rate of marching, would ruin the whole army. Sir John Moore, therefore, on arriving at Herrerías, resolved to rest the troops a few days, even at the risk of having to give battle to their pursuers. At this time, also, a report of the unfitness of Vigo as a place of embarkation reached Sir John, which induced

him to alter his line of retreat, and determine on marching to Corunna. Orders were sent to Sir David Baird, who, with the cavalry, had preceded the main body, to retrace his steps; and at the same time instructions were sent for Sir Samuel Hood, the admiral of the fleet, directing him to remove the vessels to Corunna. These orders, after reaching Sir David, were given in charge of a private dragoon, who getting drunk on the road, lost his despatches. Several days were thus lost, ere fresh orders, sent by the safer hands of an officer, who arrived half dead with fatigue and anxiety at Vigo, reached Sir Samuel. In half an hour, crowding all sail, the men of war were scudding before the wind for Corunna.

Meantime the troops had renewed their march. The necessary delay, just stated, enabled the division of the French army under Marshal Soult to gain upon them very closely. By skilful management a battle was prevented till the fatigued army reached a town near Lugo, where it was joined by General Craufurd with fifteen thousand infantry, some squadrons of horse, and forty pieces of cannon. Here Moore determined to give the enemy a check—a sharp skirmish ensued with the French troops who advanced to reconnoitre, and these being driven

back, Soult, who was ignorant of the strength of the English, disposed his army to act only on the defensive. Night passed away, and a battle was confidently expected on the morrow. When morning broke, however, the French were still seen occupying the heights as on the day previous, not a gun was altered from its position, no squadrons moved throughout the day, and night again closed.

The fires were carefully trimmed along the English line, and as the evening darkened, the men lay down as if for repose. Quietly the word was now passed from rank to rank, the men stood to their arms, and the retreat was again renewed. Unfortunately a storm arose, which caused great confusion among some of the regiments, and the soldiers became bewildered and lost their way; but the reserve, under Sir John Moore, drew off in perfect order. Next morning, to the surprise of the French, Lugo was empty. Fearing deceit, they held back some time ere they commenced pursuit. This allowed the unfortunate stragglers some little time in which to regain the line of march. A large body of them were, however, overtaken; but, though without leaders, these men faced about with great gallantry, repelled the attack with steadiness and considerable slaughter,

then moving onward cautiously and slowly were not further molested.

The first sight of the roadstead of Corunna, was a sad disappointment. Moore had pushed forward to select a favourable position for embarking the troops, fully expecting to find the ships waiting. Not one was yet visible. Grieved and disappointed, he at once saw his efforts had been in vain;—nothing could now be done but to place the troops in the best order for defence. Three divisions, as they came up, found shelter in the town and its suburbs. The reserve was placed farther off, near a place called El Burgo, thus having to the last the post of honour and danger. “For twelve days these hardy soldiers had covered the retreat; during which time they had traversed eighty miles in two marches; passed several nights under arms, in the snow of the mountains; were several times engaged with the enemy; and they now assembled at the outposts, having fewer men missing from their ranks (including those who had fallen in battle) than any other division in the army: an admirable instance of good discipline.”

When the last soldier had crossed the river Mero, its two bridges were destroyed by the pioneers. The general then caused the defences of the town to be strengthened on the

land side, while towards the sea, he entirely destroyed the batteries. At a little distance from the town were two magazines of gunpowder, and a store-house containing many thousand stand of arms. These would have been welcome supplies to the peasant troops in the south, and for their use they had been sent from England; but the junta of Corunna had carelessly omitted to distribute them, till now it was too late. A train was laid—the magazines were fired—and one terrible explosion destroyed weapons and ammunition, which might have equipped half the unarmed levies in the different provinces. Such were the effects of delay.

When the larger magazine which contained four thousand barrels of gunpowder was fired, “it was impossible,” says an eye-witness in Corunna, “to describe the effect. The unexpected and tremendous crash seemed for the moment to have deprived every person of reason and recollection; the soldiers flew to their arms; nor was it until a massive column of smoke, ascending from the heights in front, marked from whence the astounding shock proceeded, that reason resumed its sway. It is impossible ever to forget the sublime appearance of the dark dense cloud of smoke that ascended, shooting up gradually like a gigantic tower into the

clear blue sky. It appeared fettered in one enormous mass; nor did a particle of dust or vapour, obscuring its form, seem to escape as it rolled upwards in majestic circles."

Scarcely had this sound died away, when volley after volley of musketry rung the death note of hundreds of poor cavalry horses, which, after being brought with difficulty to the coast, were now shot to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

Sir John Moore next selected a ridge of rocky eminences near the town, which he lined with his troops. Had his army been more numerous, a range in advance of this position would have been preferable, for the ridges stood higher, and, circling round, half enclosed the ground the general found it necessary to choose.

Slowly the French came up. Their pioneers repaired the bridges which had been thrown down; this caused a day's delay, but on the morning of the 14th of January, 1809, the enemy commenced crossing the river. After a little firing, they established themselves on the ridge, which the English would have occupied had their strength been sufficient. Early the same day our poor toil-worn soldiers, who had again and again during three dreary days, gazed anxiously towards the sea, to catch sight of the

tardy fleet, now with almost indescribable feelings of joy, "turned round to look at the ships crowding into the harbour under all sail, right before the wind." Their spirits rose at the sight, and the poor fellows turned their faces again towards the enemy, with a confidence they had not hitherto felt.

Several general officers now submitted that a negotiation for leave to retire to the ships should be opened with the French commanders. But Moore at once rejected the proposal, "it may," said he, "be refused; yet admitting it were granted, it would be an insult to men, who, amid all their sufferings have never been defeated." The sick, the wounded, the dismounted cavalry, and much of the baggage were removed to the ships during the night, and the embarkation continued partly through the 15th, when two hundred and fifty sail had entered the harbour. By midnight the boats had performed their task—none now remained but the effective troops, and on the morning of the 16th, Moore after visiting every out-post, returned to Corunna, when he issued orders that at four o'clock in the afternoon, all the boats of the fleet should be in readiness to receive the troops. Scarcely had he given these instructions, and again mounted his horse to ride out, before a report was

brought that the enemy's line was getting under arms. It was quickly confirmed by the statements of a deserter from the French. Spurring his horse, the general galloped to the front.

We are indebted to Captain Basil Hall for an excellent account of the events of this day, he with a friend having been an eye witness. Before the enemy had made any movement, the two naval gentlemen, having landed, had made their way through sleeping soldiers and piles of arms till they met a friend among the officers of the 95th corps of riflemen.

"On asking," says the Captain, "what chance there was of our seeing a battle, the officers shrugged their shoulders, and said they had already had enough of that kind of work. A victory would bring no advantage—and they had but one wish, which was, to get snugly on board the ships, and be carried off from such a rascally country, and such a dastardly, procrastinating, pompous set of useless allies as the Spaniards."

"Nevertheless," we remarked, "you would, no doubt, make a good figure in action still, if you were put to your mettle?"

"I don't know that," said one of them; "look at the men, they are all worn out, and disheartened; if they are not sleeping, or eating

whatever they can get hold of, they are gazing at the vessels, and thinking only of home. Like us, indeed, they are wishing for anything but an attack from those confounded fellows over the way."

"Upon this we parted; they to their welcome dinner (off an unfortunate stray pig the soldiers had charged and killed with their bayonets an hour before), while we retraced our steps amongst the weary soldiers, who certainly did look as if the enemy would have little more to do than gallop across the valley and catch them all napping.

"Colonel Napier, however, remarks, cleverly enough, in his account of this campaign, that, 'although a British army may be gleaned in a retreat, it cannot be reaped.' I had just asked the commanding officer of one of the regiments, near the top of the position, 'whether he thought anything could possibly rouse the men up?' In reply, he said, with a very expressive smile, and a slight nod of his head, implying that even then he suspected what was about to take place. 'You'll see by-and-bye, Sir, if the French there choose to come over.'

"These words had hardly been uttered, when a movement along the whole enemy's line became apparent even to our inexperienced eyes. Al-

most at the instant when this stir was observed, a furious cannonading opened from a battery mounting eleven guns, of the existence of which I believe no person on our side had previously the smallest suspicion, so completely, up to this moment, had it been masked. This formidable battery, which overhung the right of the English position, was so skilfully placed, that it raked nearly the half of the British line, and of course galled the troops excessively.

“ The effect of these preparatory notes of war thundering over the line was extremely curious. At the first discharge from the French battery, the whole body of the British troops, from one end of the position to the other, started on their feet, snatched up their arms, and formed in line with as much regularity and apparent coolness as if they had been exercising on the parade in Hyde Park. I really could scarcely believe my eyes when I beheld these men spring from the ground, as if touched by a magic wand, full of life and vigour, though but one minute before they had all been stretched out listlessly in the sun. The silence which had hitherto reigned over the field was now changed for a loud hum, and occasionally a jolly shout and many a peal of laughter were heard along a distance of nearly a mile. In the midst of these sounds, the

peculiar sharp "click—click—click" of fixing bayonets fell distinctly on the ear very ominously.

"Many thousand stand of new arms had been issued to the troops from the stores at Corunna, and I could observe the men rapping the flints, tightening the screws, and tossing about their firelocks, with the air of veteran sportsmen eager to try their new pieces. The officers, who up to this moment had seemed so languid, might be seen everywhere brushing along the line, speaking to the serjeants, and making arrangements which we did not pretend to understand. Aides-de-camp galloped past us, dropping their orders into the ears of the commanding officers of the different corps, as they moved swiftly along the position.

"Not a single face could now be seen turning towards the ships, and we found it difficult to obtain an answer to any of our questions. All had become animation and cheerfulness over minds from which, but a short time before, it seemed as if every particle of spirit had fled. There appeared to be much conversation going on, and not a little jesting amongst the men, while they braced themselves up, buckled on their knapsacks, and made various other arrangements, preparatory to the hard work they foresaw they would have to perform before

the night fell. Their kits, or stock of clothes (none of them very large), being soon placed on their shoulders, the army in a few minutes stood perfectly ready to meet that of the enemy, whose troops, in three immense close columns, by this time were pelting rapidly down the side of the opposite heights.

“I have no precise notion how many men might be in each of these square solid masses, I think I have heard it stated at six or seven thousand. They kept themselves steadily together, looked as dark as the blackest thunder-cloud, and, I must say, their appearance, on the whole, was the most imposing and formidable thing I recollect to have seen, either before or since.

“As there could be mustered on the English side only a dozen small guns, our artillery made but a feeble return to the fierce attack of the enemy’s great raking battery, which continued to tear open the English ranks in dreadful style. Presently, however, the two armies became so completely intermixed in personal conflict, that the enemy’s cannon-shot could no longer be directed with certainty against their antagonists, without an equal chance of hitting their friends, and they ceased to fire at the troops.

“When it was found at the commencement of

the action, that the English guns could make no serious impression on the heavy artillery of the battery, they had been turned upon the huge French columns, which, by this time, had reached the level space, less than a mile in width, lying between the bases of the two ranges of hills. The round and grape with which the enemy's columns were thus saluted, as they came across the valley, in some degree avenged the havoc wrought on the right, and part of the centre of our line, by the raking broadsides of the battery so often alluded to.

“The intermixture of combatants on this day was probably rendered greater than usual, in consequence of the peculiar nature of the ground. It could hardly be called a plain, for it was crossed in all directions by roads cut into the earth, like deep trenches, eight or ten feet below the surface; while, on the ground above lay a complete net-work of walls, hedges, and rows of olive-trees and aloes, of such intricacy, that I imagine it was nearly impossible to have formed fifty men abreast anywhere. Thus each corn-field, or little patch of garden-ground, became the scene of a separate fight.

“We were quite near enough to see the soldiers scrambling over the walls and meeting one another in these open spaces or amongst the

trees; while the smoke and the flashes of musketry from the hollow roads showed that a subterranean sort of warfare was going on at the same time. To us the field of battle certainly looked as complete a scene of confusion as anything could possibly be; and I suppose it must have presented nearly a similar aspect even to the practised observation of the commander of the destructive French battery on our right; for about the period I speak of, as I have already stated, he ceased firing at the troops, and turned all his attention towards the few English field-pieces.

“Heretofore we had been viewing the fray from a gentle slope, several hundred yards in front of these English guns; but so considerably below them in level, that their shot passed far over our heads. When this great flanking battery, however, set seriously about silencing the fire of our artillery, which, as I mentioned before, kept playing away upon those parts of the French columns not yet mingled with their antagonists, our position, as mere spectators, became rather an unpleasant one. The small six-pound shot of the English field-pieces had whistled over us merrily enough; but when the heavy metal of the enemy came spinning and

screaming about our ears, the story told quite differently. Some of the balls went completely over the English guns, grazed the crest of the ridge, and, falling on the high road, rolled down the other side of the hill half way to Corunna. Several of them hit our guns, and made a fine scatter among the artillery men; while every shot that fell short came plump into the little hollow space where we nautical men had established ourselves, and from which we had proposed to view the battle at our ease, as if it had merely been a panoramic representation of war, instead of one of the severest struggles in which two angry nations had ever been engaged.

“The purser and I now held a council of war, and the proverbial result of such deliberations followed. We agreed unanimously, that under existing circumstances a retreat was the proper measure. The French gunners, as if to quicken our prudent resolution, just at that moment pitched a shot so critically, that it fell between the two amateurs, and threw the dirt and stones quite over us. The feeling produced on both our minds by this broad hint was, that the shot must have been aimed expressly at us; but although this was probably not the case, we took the warning in good part, and moved off

towards a rising ground still farther to the left, and two or three hundred yards out of the direct line of fire.

“By this time the centre and a portion of the left of the English line gradually became engaged in the valley; but the severest fighting of all appeared at the village of Elvina, which we could easily distinguish was sometimes in possession of one party, sometimes of the other. The uncertainty, indeed, of what was going on became greatly augmented by the broken nature of the ground, which, I suppose, prevented any manœuvre on the grand scale; but this circumstance may probably have taken nothing from the fierceness of those mortal struggles which we could discover from time to time in the open spaces, when a puff of wind blew the smoke on one side.

“The road leading into Corunna, and lying between us and the severest part of the action, passed at no great distance, and was soon covered along its whole length with wounded men; some of whom were walking alone, some supported by their comrades, less severely hurt, and a good many had been placed in carts. We observed Sir David Baird led or carried off the field; but from the smoke and dust, we could not exactly make out which, though I think

he was walking. Shortly afterwards another group passed near us, bearing along a wounded officer. It was evident, from the appearance which this second party presented, that some person of consequence was under their charge; and while we were trying to discover who it could possibly be that engaged so much attention, an officer rode up the hill. After he had delivered his message, he pointed to the party which had just gone by, and told us, that in the centre was carried along their brave commander-in-chief, Sir John Moore, who a few minutes before had been struck off his horse by a cannon-shot."

This information was lamentably true. At the village of Elvina, where, as just quoted, the contest was severest, the 42d regiment of Highlanders had, through some mistake, commenced a gradual retreat. Sir John Moore, seeing this, rode up instantly. In a moment he had told them their error, their line reformed, and with a wild shout they sprang eagerly forwards, driving the enemy before their levelled muskets. Delighted with their enthusiasm, Sir John followed them, still cheering them onwards. "Highlanders," he cried, "remember Egypt!" and when their cartridges expended, they began again to fall back; "My brave 42d!" he ex-

claimed, "join your comrades, ammunition is coming, and you have your bayonets."

While watching their renewed charge, which the Highlanders made with a vigour that showed them conscious of the presence of their beloved chief, a cannon-ball struck Sir John on the left shoulder. He fell to the ground. Raising himself instantly to a sitting posture, without a muscle of his face quivering, his eye still followed eagerly the gallant advance of his troops. A staff officer, Captain Hardinge, (now Sir Henry) was quickly by his side, anxiously enquiring if he were much hurt. Moore made no reply, but still looked anxiously towards the conflict. The officer noticed this, and at once gave him the welcome intelligence, that the 42d were still advancing. Moore still did not speak, but a grateful look showed his wish had been performed.

Another officer, Colonel Graham, had now dismounted. Sir John's calmness at first led to the hope that the wound was not mortal, but a very slight examination showed the gallant warrior's hours must be few indeed. His shoulder was smashed to atoms—the arm hanging merely by the skin—while the ribs covering the heart were also broken—the shot in its passage



DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.



having bared them of flesh. Yet he sat as if only resting for a little time after hard riding !

A blanket was now spread out, and the general being carefully and tenderly raised and placed on it, was lifted up by a party of his favourite Highlanders. Captain Hardinge noticed that his sword was much in the way—the hilt striking against the wounded shoulder ; and wishing to relieve him, began to unbuckle the belt. “ No, no, Hardinge,” now cried Sir John, “ it is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me ;” and with his sword girded round him—a sword he had never disgraced—the dying chief was borne from the field, the soldiers who carried him “ shedding tears as they went.”

A grape shot had wounded Sir David Baird so severely, that it became necessary to amputate his arm on the field. The surgeons were engaged upon his hurt, when he heard of Sir John’s disastrous wound. He at once desired the surgeons to leave him and hasten to attend on Sir John Moore. But the latter would not allow them to waste their time upon him. “ You can be of no service to me,” he replied, to their earnest entreaties, “ go to the soldiers, to whom you may be useful ; I am beyond the reach of your skill.”

From the progress of his bearers being necessarily slow, the distance between the field of battle and the town proved a tedious journey. Still so much was his mind absorbed with the pending conflict, that he frequently desired the soldiers to halt and turn round, that he might at least listen to the firing. As the sound by degrees became fainter and fainter, he seemed much pleased.

A spring wagon passed by in a little while, in which lay a wounded officer, who at once proposed that Sir John should be placed beside him, and thus reach the town more speedily. Turning to one of the Highlanders, the general inquired whether he thought the wagon or the blanket best. The soldier answered that the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and his comrades would keep the step and carry him easily. "I think so too," said Sir John, and they proceeded as before with him to his lodgings in Corunna.

He was met by his valet François, who had been a faithful servant for many years, as he was carried into the house. The poor domestic was stunned by the sight, but soon burst into tears. To cheer him Sir John strove to speak gaily. "This is nothing, my friend, nothing,"

said he, and he smiled through his anguish as he spoke.

Colonel Anderson, who for twenty years had been his friend and companion in arms, was now at his side. Although nearly dark Sir John knew him immediately, and squeezing his hand, exclaimed, "Anderson, don't leave me!"

The wound was then examined by the surgeons. Moore spoke to them while thus engaged, but his agony allowed him to say but little. Of every one who entered he continued to inquire anxiously "Are the French beaten?" After some time he seemed anxious to speak to Colonel Anderson. "Anderson," said he, "you know I have always wished to die this way." (He was now able to talk only at intervals.) In a little while he continued, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied; I hope my country will do me justice. Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them every thing. Say to my mother ——" Here his voice failed, and he became very agitated. Then reverting to the contest, and to the arduous duties which had now devolved on Sir John Hope as a commander, he resumed—"Hope—Hope—I have much to say to him—but—cannot get it out. And Colonel Graham—are all my

aides-de-camp well?" (A private sign was made by Colonel Anderson not to inform him that one of them was wounded.) "I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will, and all my papers."

Major Colborne having entered the room, he spoke kindly to him, and charged Colonel Anderson to request a lieutenant-colonelcy for him. The major was now able to answer his frequent question, "Are the French beaten?" by informing him they were driven back at every point. Sir John expressed great satisfaction, and after inquiring after General Paget, continued, "I feel myself so strong—I fear I shall be long dying. It is a great uneasiness—it is great pain. Everything François says is right—I have the greatest confidence in him."

He next thanked the surgeons for their trouble. Two of his aides-de-camp, Captains Percy and Stanhope, now came into the room. He spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy if all his aides-de-camp were well.

After a pause, he said, "Stanhope, remember me to your sister." Then pressing Colonel Anderson's hand close to his body, in a few minutes he expired without a struggle.

At midnight, according to a wish which he had often expressed, that "if killed in battle,

he might be buried where he fell," his body was carried to a grave dug in one of the bastions of the citadel of Corunna, and while the chaplain-general read the service by torch-light, a band of sincere mourners heaped the earth upon him.

"NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

"Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

"We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

“Lightly they’ll talk of the spirit that’s gone,
And o’er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he’ll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

“But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

“Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!”

“The private character of Sir John Moore was unstained by a single vice; and in orderly habits, and careful employment of time, he offered a noble example for an army to emulate. He always rose between three and four in the morning, lighted his fire and candle by a lamp, and wrote till breakfast hour. Afterwards, he received commanding officers, transacted business, and then rode out to view the troops, or reconnoitre the country. His table was plentiful, his guests varying from fourteen to twenty. With these he talked familiarly, drank a few glasses of wine, returned to his orderly business, and was in bed by ten o’clock.”—

Soon after day-break all the troops had em-

barked, except the pickets who remained to tend the fires. They also withdrew ere the sun rose, and before the French, who soon after entered the town, could bring their guns to bear upon them, the transports were beyond their reach far out at sea. And thus with the loss of its leader, ended the second campaign of what has been called "the great Peninsular war."

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.

THE RECTORY—CERTAIN PROVISION FOR LIFE—"WHAT IS FEAR!"
ADVENTURE WITH THE PEARLS—"REMEMBER! IT WAS LEFT TO
OUR HONOUR"—DESOLATE DAYS—NELSON SAILS TOWARDS THE
NORTH POLE—A BEAR HUNT—"I WILL BE A HERO!"—NEL-
SON'S PRESENCE OF MIND SAVES MANY LIVES—A POOR FISHER-
MAN—PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY'S DESCRIPTION OF "THE BOY-
CAPTAIN"—NELSON'S KINDNESS TO HIS "MIDDIES"—MARRIAGE—
BATTLE OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT—A FAITHFUL COXSWAIN SAVES
NELSON'S LIFE—ATTACK ON SANTA CRUZ—NELSON LOSES HIS
RIGHT ARM—CURIOUS MEMORIAL OF SERVICES--NELSON AND THE
MOB—A WHIMSICAL CERTIFICATE.

THE birth-place of HORATIO NELSON was the parsonage-house of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, of which village his father was then rector. His mother, whose maiden name was Suckling, was closely connected with the Walpole family, and the future hero derived his name from his godfather, the first Lord Walpole. When Horatio was scarcely nine years old, his mother died; and his uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling, who visited the parsonage on this occasion, promised the widower to provide for one of the boys. Three years after,

Horatio discovered in a county newspaper, that this gentleman was appointed to the *Raisonné*, of sixty-four guns. He directly entreated that he might go to sea with his uncle, who was accordingly written to. The reply might have discouraged a less ardent mind. "What has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it at sea? But let him come; and the first time we go into action, a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once."

This allusion to his bodily weakness was too true. By an ague his strength had been greatly reduced, and at no time had his constitution been vigorous; yet already had he given proofs of that daring courage and nobleness of spirit which accompanied him through life.

When very young he went a bird's-nesting with a cow-boy, and strayed to some distance from his grandmother's house, where he was visiting. On the arrival of dinner-hour the truant could not be found. Great alarm ensued lest he "might have been carried off by the gipsies." At length he was discovered, composedly seated by the side of a brook he had been unable to cross, and was brought home.

"I wonder, child," exclaimed his grandmother, in no very gentle tone, on his appear-

ance, "I wonder, child! that hunger and fear did not drive you home!"

"Fear, Grandmama," replied Horatio, "I never saw fear. What is it?"

On another occasion the fruit of a well-loaded pear tree, in his schoolmaster's garden, had been looked upon by the boys as lawful booty, but the danger of securing it had prevented the boldest from making the attempt.

"I will get the pears!" said Horatio, suddenly, after there had been a long debate, which had ended in an opinion that they would be found out.

That night some sheets were tied together, and he was lowered from the bed-room window. He then plundered the tree, and was safely drawn up again. Overjoyed at his success, his school-fellows offered him the largest share.

"I will have none," said Nelson firmly, "I only took them because you were all afraid."

Once, after the Christmas holidays, he, accompanied by his brother William, set off on horseback to return to school. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and William, who did not much fancy the journey, soon turned the horse's head homewards.

"Well, boys," enquired Mr. Nelson, on their re-appearance, "what brings you back?"

"Why, Papa," replied William, "the snow was so very deep we could not venture on."

"If that be the case," rejoined their father, "you certainly shall not go; but make another attempt, boys, and I will leave it to your honour!"

They again set off, and although the snow was deep enough to afford a sufficient excuse, Horatio would not listen to William's wishes to return.

"We *must* go on, brother," was his reply to each entreaty, "remember it was left to our honour!"

On a cold and dark morning in spring the summons came for him to join his ship. His father carried him to London, and placed him in the Chatham stage, to find his way alone to the *Raisonnable*, then lying in the Medway. On being put down with the rest of the passengers he wandered about in the cold, unable to reach the ship. An officer at last noticed his forlorn appearance, and having given him refreshment, directed him on board. Horatio found his uncle absent, and the poor little fellow paced the deck unnoticed until night, nor was it till the second day that, as he expressed it, "somebody took compassion on me." Through life he remembered his first days of desolate wretchedness in the service.

The Raisonnable being soon paid off and Captain Suckling appointed to a guardship in the Medway, Nelson for whom this was considered too inactive a life, was sent in a merchant ship to the West Indies. From this voyage he returned a practical seaman but with a strong aversion to the king's service. The judicious conduct of his uncle, who received him on board his own ship, soon, however, reconciled him to it.

In a few months, Nelson's love of enterprise was excited by the news that two ships, the Racehorse and Carcass, were fitting out for a voyage toward the North Pole. Through Capt. Suckling's interest he was appointed coxswain under Captain Lutwidge, the second in command. Early in June, 1773, the vessels left the Nore, and made the land of Spitzbergen on the 28th. While endeavouring to explore the coast and islands, they were becalmed in a large bay, surrounded with ice. The water quickly became frozen, and the ships found themselves within two lengths of each other, separated by ice, but unable to turn. In many places the ice, by the squeezing together of the pieces, was forced higher than the main-yards. Boats were sent to search for a passage into the open sea, and Nelson, though so young, was appointed to the command of one of these. He was thus the means

of rescuing the crew of a boat belonging to the Racehorse from imminent danger. An officer had wounded a walrus, which immediately dived and brought up its companions, who instantly attacked the boat. They had wrested an oar from one of the sailors, and nearly succeeded in upsetting the boat, when the arrival of Nelson and his crew to its assistance, dispersed the animals, who found this reinforcement too strong to cope with.

But our hero soon attempted a more daring exploit. One night during mid-watch, he, with a companion, stole from the ship, having taken advantage of a rising fog, and set off in pursuit of a bear. They were quickly missed, and great alarm felt for their safety. About four in the morning the air cleared, and the two youths were discovered, at a great distance from the ship, attacking a huge bear. The signal for their return was made, but in vain Nelson's companion urged him to obey it. His ammunition expended, he was still resolutely bent on the destruction of the bear, from which he was divided by a chasm in the ice. To this circumstance he probably owed his life.

"Never mind," he exclaimed, "do but let me get a blow at this devil with the but-end of my musket, and we shall have him."

A gun from the ship being fired, the animal ran off, and Nelson returned on board.

After a fruitless attempt to discover a northward passage the ships returned to England, when they were paid off. Nelson now made a voyage to the East Indies. Here he was seized with a malignant fever, which nearly baffled all the power of medicine. As a last hope he returned home in the *Dolphin*, Captain Pigot, through whose attentive kindness Nelson lived to reach his native shore. In India he had formed the acquaintance of Sir Thomas Troubridge, Sir Charles Pole, and other distinguished officers, like himself, commencing their career. These he left in the enjoyment of health, ardently engaged in the pursuit of honour; and desponding thoughts pressed heavily on him as he contrasted his condition with theirs. "I felt impressed," are his words, "with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patron. Well, then," I exclaimed,

“ I will be a hero ! and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger ! ”

Matters, however, proved far better than Nelson had imagined. His health improved with the voyage ; and on his return he found Captain Suckling had been appointed Comptroller of the Navy. After a short voyage to Gibraltar, he passed his examination for a lieutenant ; on which occasion his uncle presided. At its close, in a manner highly honourable to Nelson, Captain Suckling rose and introduced the young officer to the examiners as his nephew. “ I did not wish the youngster to be favoured,” said he ; “ I knew he would pass a good examination ; and I have not been deceived.”

On the succeeding day Nelson was commissioned second lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe* frigate, Captain William Locker, which was fitting out for Jamaica. Our trade at this period was much annoyed by American privateers, and also by French vessels under American colours. During one of its cruises, the *Lowestoffe* captured an American letter-of-marque, which Captain Locker ordered the first lieutenant to board. That officer went below to put on his hanger, which he had mislaid. The sea at the time running very high, the boat was in danger of being swamped ; and Captain Locker became afraid that the captured

vessel, which, from carrying a heavy press of sail, in order to escape, had become water-logged, would founder.

“What!” exclaimed he, impatiently, “have I no officer who can board the prize?”

Nelson had, with much delicacy, waited the return of the first lieutenant; but now hearing the master volunteer his services, he sprang into the boat, exclaiming,

“It is my turn now; if I come back, it is yours.”

His uncle died about this time; but Nelson found a friend in some measure to supply his loss in Captain Locker, who, perceiving his excellent qualities, strongly recommended him to Sir Peter Parker, commander-in-chief on that station. This recommendation caused him to be transferred to the British flag-ship, of which he shortly became first lieutenant; and soon after he was appointed commander of the *Badger* brig. While this ship was lying in Montego Bay, the *Glasgow*, a vessel of twenty guns, came in and anchored. Two hours after she took fire through the carelessness of her steward, while he was engaged in stealing rum from her hold. Nelson manned his boats, and forcing back the crew, who were leaping into the water, compelled them to throw their powder overboard,

and point their guns upward, thus preventing the loss of life which must inevitably have ensued.

Next year Nelson was made captain of the *Hinchinbrook*, a vessel of twenty-eight guns. He was succeeded in the *Badger* by Cuthbert Collingwood, another *protégé* of Sir Peter Parker, and who had followed Nelson in his successive promotions. For this officer Nelson always felt a strong friendship. Our hero was now scarcely twenty-one, and he had already gained that rank which brought all the honours of the service within his reach. As yet, he had possessed no opportunity of distinguishing himself; but he was thoroughly master of his profession, and his zeal and ability were appreciated wherever he was known.

Nelson had now to accompany General Dalling in an expedition against Fort San Juan, situated on a river of that name, flowing between Lake Nicaragua and the Atlantic. Had this project succeeded, the communication of the Spaniards between their northern and southern possessions in America would have been cut off, and many sanguine persons at home anticipated that a large empire would accrue to the English nation. The project, however, miserably failed. Nelson twice narrowly escaped with his life, while the larger portion of the expedition fell

victims to the deadly influence of the climate. By a timely removal Nelson reached Port Royal, but so greatly weakened, as to be unable to retain the command of his ship. Again, therefore, he was compelled to return to England, where he arrived in so wretched a state, that at Bath he was obliged to be carried to and from his bed, the act of moving him producing violent pains. In about three months he so far recovered as to be anxious for employment, and after a short interval he was appointed to the *Albemarle*, an old French merchantman, of twenty-eight guns. In this vessel he was sent to the north seas, where he was obliged to remain all winter. This conduct he afterwards spoke of with great asperity. Next year he was ordered to Quebec, the climate of which the surgeon assured him "would lay him up." He declined, however, making any attempt to alter his destination, and accordingly sailed for Canada.

During her first cruise the *Albemarle* captured a fishing-schooner, containing in her cargo nearly all the property of her master. The poor man had a large family at home, who were anxiously expecting him. Nelson employed him as a pilot to Boston Bay, where he restored him his ship and cargo, giving him at the same time a certificate to secure him from

being captured by other vessels. The grateful man afterwards came off to the *Albemarle*, at the hazard of his life, bringing a present of sheep, poultry, and other fresh provisions—a most welcome supply, for the scurvy was raging on board. Nelson's certificate is still preserved at Boston, where it is now regarded as a relic.

After convoying a fleet of transports to New York, "a very pretty job," as he described it, "with our sails frozen to the yards," he waited on the commander-in-chief, Admiral Digby. The Admiral remarked that he was on a fine station for prize-money. "Yes, sir," was Nelson's answer; "but the West Indies is the station for honour." Of this he was alone desirous, and at length he obtained a reluctant consent to accompany Lord Hood in a detachment of Rodney's victorious fleet. Here he was introduced to our late king—Prince William Henry, as he was then called—who became the firm friend of Nelson, though he rather ludicrously described his personal appearance at this time, representing him "as the merest boy of a captain he had ever seen, dressed in a full-laced uniform, an old-fashioned waistcoat with long flaps, and with his lank unpowdered hair tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length; making, altogether, so remarkable a figure," continues the Prince,

“that I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was, nor what he came about. But his address and conversation were irresistibly pleasing; and when he spoke on professional subjects, it was with an enthusiasm that shewed he was no common being.”

Soon after being appointed to this station, Nelson was cruising on the coast of Venezuela, under French colours, in order to obtain information; when a launch belonging to the Spaniards passed near, which on being hailed in French, came alongside, and unsuspectingly answered many questions about the force and number of the enemy. The party was somewhat surprised when they were taken on board, and found themselves prisoners. They were all persons of consideration, distinguished officers, and scientific men, who had been peaceably employed in collecting specimens of natural history. One of the party was of high rank—a prince of the German empire, and brother to the Elector of Bavaria. Nelson’s liberality again evinced itself on this occasion, for, after well entertaining them at his table, he assured them they were at liberty to depart in their boat with their property untouched; he only requiring of them, that in case the commander-in-chief should object to their being thus liberated—a circum-

stance not likely to happen—they would consider themselves as prisoners.

Preliminaries of peace being now signed, the Albemarle returned to England, and was paid off. During the peace, Nelson paid a visit to France, and staid at St. Omer's for some time in order to perfect himself in the French language. Here he fell in love with the daughter of an English clergyman. After, however, duly considering his straitened income — for the war had closed without bringing him a fortune—he determined to overcome this attachment, and left France without delay. To second his resolutions, he anxiously sought an opportunity of again being at sea, and was soon appointed to the *Boreas*, of twenty-eight guns; when he proceeded to the Leeward Islands, his brother William accompanying him this voyage. The ship had full thirty midshipmen on board, and happy was their lot in having Nelson for a captain. To a timid boy he would address himself in a friendly manner, and propose a race to the mast-head;—without noticing the awkward manner of the tyro's ascent, he would speak cheerfully when they arrived at the top, saying how much any one was to be pitied who imagined that getting up was either dangerous or difficult. He was daily in the school.

room to see how their nautical studies progressed; and at noon was first on deck with his quadrant. On his ceremonial visits, one or other of these youths always accompanied him; he made it a rule, he used to say, to introduce them to all the good company he could, as they had few besides himself to look up to while they were at sea.

While in the West Indies Nelson married the widow of Dr. Nisbet, a physician. This lady was at the time in her eighteenth year, and had an only child named Josiah, to whom she, as well as Nelson, was much attached.

During the next twelve years Nelson's fame continued to advance, and his zeal in the service of his country was displayed on many occasions. He distinguished himself especially at the siege of Calvi, in the island of Corsica, during which he lost the sight of one of his eyes. Still his services had not been fully appreciated; yet though on many occasions disappointed he was not disheartened, and when in one instance his name was not even mentioned in the Gazette, he exclaimed, "Never mind! one day I will have a gazette of my own."

A glorious career at length opened. In 1796, Sir John Jervis having taken command of the fleet in the Mediterranean, Nelson hoisted his

broad pendant under him on board the *Minerve*. Having conveyed some transports to Gibraltar, on his return he fell in with the Spanish fleet off the mouth of the straits, but crowding all sail he escaped and carried intelligence of the strength and position of the enemy to Sir John, whom he found anxious for an engagement. Nelson removed his broad pendant on board the *Captain*, a seventy-four, Capt. William Miller; and before sunset the signal was made to prepare for action, and to keep in close order during the night. At day-break the enemy was in sight.

The British fleet was composed of fifteen sail of the line, viz. two vessels of one hundred guns, two of ninety-eight, two of ninety, eight seventy-four, and one sixty-four; and with these were four frigates, a sloop, and a cutter. The Spanish force consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, viz. one four-decker, the *Santissima Trinidad*, of a hundred and thirty-six guns, six three-deckers, a hundred and twelve guns, two eighty-fours, and eighteen seventy-fours; also ten frigates and a brig. Notwithstanding his superiority, the situation of the Spanish admiral, Don Joseph de Cordova, was rather critical. He had been informed by an American that the British had only nine ships (which really was true on the fifth, before the arrival of the reinforcement),

and relying on this account he had abandoned his first design of proceeding to Cadiz, and determined to seek out and engage so inferior an enemy. He had also suffered his ships to become dispersed, and they were in some disorder when the morning discovered the English fleet in compact form, though partially concealed by a fog, so that their number was not ascertained. The look-out ship of the Spaniards, fancying a previous signal disregarded, made one that the English had forty sail of the line. This absurd act further perplexed the admiral, and alarmed the whole fleet. Before they could form in regular order of battle, Sir John Jervis, by carrying a press of sail, came up with them, and passing through their fleet, cut off nine of their ships from the main body; only one of which succeeded in regaining its friends. This part of his plan having succeeded, Sir John gave orders to tack in succession. Nelson, who was stationed in the rear, observing that the design of the Spaniards seemed to be to pass round our line and so join the ships which had been separated to leeward, determined instantly to frustrate their scheme, and, contrary to orders, desired his ship to be wore. This bold and decisive manœuvre at once brought him into action with the four-decker, the Santissima Trinidad, and

and for some time he had to contend not only with her, but with her seconds, ahead and astern, of three decks each. Troubridge in the Culloden hastened to his assistance, and for nearly an hour an apparent but not really unequal contest was maintained, when the Blenheim, passing between them and the enemy, gave them a respite by pouring in her fire on the Spaniards. At this time two of their vessels dropping astern were fired into in a masterly style by the Excellent, Capt. Collingwood, who compelled one, the San Isidor, to hoist English colours. The other Nelson thought also struck, but Collingwood, disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up with every sail set to save his old friend and messmate, who was, to appearance, in a critical situation; the Captain being now fired on by three first-rates, and the San Nicolas, eighty guns, and also by a seventy-four within about pistol-shot of that vessel. The Blenheim being ahead, and the Culloden crippled and astern, the Excellent ranged up, and hauling up her mainsail just astern, passed within ten feet of the San Nicolas, and giving her a most tremendous fire, stood on for the Santissima Trinidad. Nelson now resumed his station alongside the San Nicolas. By this time the Captain had lost her fore-

topmast, her wheel had been shot away, and not a sail, shroud, or rope was left. Finding her incapable of further service in the line or in chase, Nelson directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and, calling for the boarders, ordered them to board. Captain Berry, lately Nelson's lieutenant, was the first man who jumped into the enemy's mizen-chains. He was followed by the soldiers of the sixty-ninth, led by Lieutenant Pierson, of the same regiment. One of the soldiers broke the upper quarter-gallery window, and leaped in, followed by Nelson himself, and by others as quickly as possible. They found the cabin doors fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at them through the windows. The doors were, however, quickly burst open, the soldiers fired and the Spanish brigadier fell, while retreating to the quarter-deck. The commodore pushed on and reached the poop, where he found Berry in possession, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. Passing on to the forecastle, he received the swords of two or three Spanish officers, prisoners of the seamen. At this moment a fire of small arms opened upon them from the admiral's stern-gallery of the San Joseph. Placing sentinels at the different ladders of the

San Nicolas, of which the English had now full possession, Nelson ordered more men to be sent into her, and gave orders for boarding the San Joseph from her. This was done in an instant, he himself leading the way, exclaiming "Westminster Abbey or victory!" Captain Berry assisted him into the main-chains. At that moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail, and said they surrendered. The commodore was soon on the quarter-deck, where the Spanish officer presented his sword to him, and told him the admiral was below, dying of his wounds. The rest of the officers were soon assembled, and there, on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate, Nelson received their swords, which, as they were delivered, he handed to William Fearney, an old sailor, who tucked them with the greatest *sang froid* under his arm, "bundling them up with as much composure as he would have made a faggot, though twenty-two sail of the enemy's line were still within gun-shot." At this time, also, one of the commodore's sailors, who had long fought under him, came up in the fulness of his heart, and, excusing the liberty he was taking, shook him by the hand, and told him he was heartily glad to see him safe on the quarter-deck of a Spanish

three-decker. The Victory passing, saluted Nelson with three cheers, as did every ship in the fleet.

The Minerve being sent to his assistance, Nelson now went on board of her, in order to reach any of the line of battle-ships then engaged. Before, however, this could be accomplished, the signal was made to wear and discontinue the action. He therefore proceeded to the Victory, and appeared on the quarter-deck covered with smoke and powder, and with part of his hat shot away. Sir John Jervis immediately took him in his arms, and with many kind expressions, said he could not sufficiently thank him. The Spanish admiral, on consulting with his officers, found only two desirous of re-commencing the action; nine were opposed to it, and others thought it best to delay. The contest, therefore, was now at an end.

The result of this day is well known; the English commander-in-chief was created Earl St. Vincent, and Nelson, who, before the action was known in England had been made rear-admiral, was rewarded with the Order of the Bath. Sir John Jervis insisting on his keeping the sword of the Spanish rear-admiral, he presented it to the mayor and corporation of Norwich, the

freedom of the city being voted to him on the occasion.

Sir Horatio, now rear-admiral of the blue, hoisted his flag on board the *Theseus*. This ship had taken part in the mutiny that year in England; and, being just arrived from home, some doubts were entertained respecting the temper of the men. This formed one reason why Nelson's flag was hoisted on board her in preference to any other vessel. A few weeks only elapsed before the following paper was dropped in his cabin, showing how fondly he was beloved by the men, and the confidence they reposed in him.

"Success attend Admiral Nelson! God bless Captain Miller! We thank them for the officers they have placed over us. We are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them, and the name of the *Theseus* shall be immortalized as high as the Captain's."

While in the *Theseus*, Sir Horatio was employed to command the inner squadrons in the blockade of Cadiz. The most perilous action in which he was ever engaged occurred during this service. Making a night-attack on the Spanish gun-boats, his barge encountered an

armed launch, and for some time the crews fought hand to hand with swords. Nelson's barge contained, besides himself, Captain Freemantle, his coxswain, and ten men; while the Spaniards were twenty-six in number, with their commandant; yet notwithstanding this disproportion in numbers, eighteen of the enemy were killed, the rest wounded, and the launch captured. The life of the admiral was twice saved by his faithful coxswain, John Sykes, who parried the blows aimed at him, and at last interposed his own head to receive the stroke of a Spanish sabre aimed at his master, and which he could not avert in any other way. The admiral would have asked a lieutenancy for Sykes, but he had not served long enough; and though he recovered from his dangerous wound, he died before his commander was able to testify his gratitude.

About this time intelligence was received that a prodigiously rich ship, homeward bound from the Manillas, had put into Santa Cruz, the capital of the island of Teneriffe, and landed her treasure for security. This had previously been the case with several rich cargoes, and an attack which had long been meditated on Santa Cruz, was now fully determined on. On the 14th of July, Sir Horatio was ordered, with four

ships of the line, three frigates, and the Fox cutter, to proceed to Santa Cruz, and by a sudden and vigorous assault to attempt the town. Nelson sailed next day, and by midnight of the 20th was within three miles of the point of debarkation; the intention being to land on the north-east side of the bay, between the town and the fort, make themselves masters of the latter, and then send a summons to the governor. Owing, however, to a strong gale, and an opposing current, they were not able to get within a mile of the landing-place till day-break, when their intentions were discovered by the enemy. Upon this Nelson consulted with the captains as to the best mode of procedure, and it was determined to attempt to gain the heights above the fort, and then to storm it. The men from the frigates were accordingly landed, but a calm and the contrary current hindered Nelson from bringing the line of battle ships within a league of the fort, which he had purposed battering to distract the enemy's attention, while his men gained the heights. These by this time were well manned, so as to be judged impracticable. Foiled in his original plans, Nelson still deemed it a point of honour that some attempt should be made, and re-embarked every person that night (July 22). On the

24th he brought the ships to anchor about two miles to the north of the town, which was now the object of attack, although he made show as though he intended again to attempt the heights. At six o'clock in the evening, the signal was made for the boats to proceed as previously ordered.

Before leaving the *Theseus* he perceived that his son-in-law, Josiah Nisbet, was armed for the attack. Nelson entreated him to remain behind.

"Should we both fall, Josiah," said he, "what would become of your poor mother? The care of the *Theseus* falls to you, stay, therefore, and take charge of her."

"Sir," replied Nisbet, "the ship must take care of herself; I will go with you to-night, if I never go again!"

To this determination Nelson probably owed his life.

Ere the attempt was made, Nelson supped with his captains on board the *Sea-horse*, the lately wedded wife of Captain Freemantle presiding at table. At eleven o'clock the boats, containing between six and seven hundred men, and the *Fox* cutter with one hundred and eighty more, proceeded towards the town in six divisions. At half-past one they were within half

gun-shot of the landing-place, and till this time they had been undiscovered. Now, however, they were seen, on which Nelson directed the boats to cast off from each other, give a huzza, and push for the shore. Alarm-bells answered the cheer, and a fire of thirty pieces of cannon, and a continued discharge of musketry, opened upon them; but nothing could check the intrepidity of their advance. Unfortunately, through the darkness of the night, few of the boats saw the mole, but went on shore through a raging surf, which stove all to the left of it. The Admiral and Captains Freemantle, Bowen, and Thompson, alone found the mole, which they instantly stormed and carried, although it was defended by nearly five hundred men. They spiked its guns; but so heavy a fire of grape and musketry was kept up from the citadel and the houses at the head of the mole, that they could not advance, and were nearly all killed or wounded.

While in the act of stepping out of his boat, Nelson received a shot through his right arm above the elbow. His sword, which he had just drawn, fell from his grasp into the water. The shock had thrown him back into the boat, but he instantly recovered himself, and groped at the bottom for his weapon, which he valued as a

relic of his uncle, Captain Suckling. He soon found it, and grasped it firmly in his remaining hand. His son-in-law, who was close by him, now placed him at the bottom of the boat, and covered the shattered limb with his hat, lest the sight of the blood should increase Nelson's faintness. He then examined the wound, and with his neckerchief tightly bound the arm above the lacerated vessels. But for this presence of mind on Nisbet's part, Nelson must have inevitably perished. One of the bargemen tore off his shirt, and with the shreds of it made a sling for the arm. Having got the boat afloat, for it had grounded with the falling tide, they passed close under the battery, in order to be safe from its fire, in the direction of the ships. Nelson hearing Nisbet's voice giving orders, desired to be raised up that he might look about him. Nothing could, however, be seen, excepting the firing of the guns on shore. At this moment a shriek was heard from the Fox cutter, which had received a shot under water, and was rapidly sinking, and before the barge reached the spot she had gone down. Out of her crew of one hundred and eighty men, only eighty-three were saved, many by Nelson's own hand, for forgetful of his own condition he exerted himself to the utmost.

The Sea-horse was the first vessel the boat reached, but Nelson refused to go on board; "I had rather die," said he, "than alarm Mrs. Freemantle, by letting her see me in this state, when I can give her no tidings whatever of her husband." By his desire they pushed on for the Theseus. A chair was being brought to receive him, but his anxiety for the boat to return to save, if possible more of the crew of the Fox, was so great that he caught hold of a rope which he ordered to be thrown him, and twisting it round his left arm, he jumped up the ship's side with a spirit which astonished every one. "Let me alone," he exclaimed, "I have yet my legs left and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better." During the amputation he displayed great fortitude, nay even cheerfulness.

The attack proved wholly unsuccessful, and terminated with great loss. Nelson's wound compelled him to return to England, where he arrived early in September, dejected by the failure of the enterprise, and the loss of his arm. Sympathy and honours sufficient to heal his wounded spirit awaited him here. Congratulatory and consolatory letters were sent him by the first Lord of the Admiralty, and the Duke

of Clarence. In reply to the latter, he assured his Royal Highness, that not a scrap of that ardour with which he had hitherto served his king had been shot away. Besides the order of the Bath with which he had been invested in consequence of his share in the victory of the 14th of February, he now received a pension of £1000 a year. The custom of presenting a memorial to the king on an occasion of this kind, called forth a most singular recapitulation of services. Nelson's memorial stated that he had been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, and in three actions in boats, employed in cutting out of harbours; in destroying vessels; and in taking three towns:—he had also served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi:—he had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers; besides taking and destroying near fifty sail of merchant vessels:—and that actually he had been engaged against the enemy upwards of one hundred and twenty times:—in which service he had lost his right eye and right arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body.

For three months after his return to England,

Nelson suffered greatly from his wound. One night in October, while lodging in Bond-street, a violent knocking was heard at the street door. Nelson had retired early to bed, after taking laudanum, hoping to obtain some respite from pain. The news of Admiral Duncan's victory had just been proclaimed, and the house was not illuminated; but no sooner was the mob informed that Admiral Nelson lay there too ill to be disturbed, than the foremost in the crowd replied, "you shall hear no more from us night;" and notwithstanding the general confusion, the house remained unmolested.

Towards the end of November the wound began to heal, and Nelson's health soon became nearly re-established. He now went to receive a year's pay as smart money, as he had not been in England since the loss of his eye. Omitting to take a certificate from a surgeon that the sight was entirely lost, he experienced a little difficulty in obtaining the money. This slightly irritated him, as he thought the fact sufficiently known. He, however, soon restored himself to good humour, by procuring at the same time a certificate of the loss of his arm, remarking they might perhaps doubt this as they had doubted the other. On returning to

the office, the clerk, who had offended him, said he thought it had been more than the annual pay of a captain.

“ Oh ! ” answered Nelson, “ this is only for an eye : in a few days I shall come for an arm ; and, in a little time longer, God knows, most probably for a leg.”

He went soon after and humourously exhibited the certificate of the loss of his arm.

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON,

(CONTINUED).

NELSON REJOINS EARL ST. VINCENT—BATTLE OF THE NILE—SAD FATE OF THE ORIENT—STRANGE PRESENT OF A COFFIN TO NELSON—ANECDOTES—AN OLD GERMAN PASTOR—THE WINE—MERCHANT OF HAMBURG—HUMANITY OF CAPTAIN RIOU—BATTLE OF THE BALTIC—NELSON'S ANXIETY TO GIVE THE FRENCH "A DRUBBING"—NELSON'S LAST SIGNAL—BATTLE OF TRAPALGAR—DEATH OF NELSON—SAILOR'S RELICS.

EARLY in 1798 the Vanguard was commissioned for Nelson's flag, when he sailed to rejoin Earl St. Vincent. Immediately after he was despatched with a small force to the Mediterranean, to ascertain the object of the armament then fitting out at Toulon under Buonaparte. A severe gale in the gulf of Lyons dispersed Nelson's little fleet, and did much damage to the Vanguard; but this storm probably saved him from defeat, for on the same day the French fleet sailed from Toulon, and must have passed within a few leagues of the little squadron, unnoticed through the thick weather.

After some delay, caused by refitting, he was reinforced by ten of the best ships of the fleet under Earl St. Vincent. Among these was the

Culloden, commanded by his early friend, Captain Troubridge. Nelson received no instructions, and therefore sailed for Alexandria, hoping to fall in with the enemy's fleet. He was, however, unsuccessful, and returned to Sicily. Having obtained fresh supplies, he again made sail, determined to "return crowned with laurel, or covered with cypress." On the 1st of August the fleet once more came in sight of Alexandria, where, from the intelligence brought him, Nelson now felt certain of finding the enemy. He was not disappointed—the port, vacant and solitary when they last saw it, was now crowded with ships, and the tri-coloured flag was seen flying from the walls. At four o'clock preparations were made for battle. "Before this time to-morrow," exclaimed Nelson, "I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey!"

During the whole of the pursuit, Nelson had explained to his officers, on every occasion, his ideas of the best modes of attack, and had thus fully taken into account every possible position. The squadron, therefore, advanced with confidence. A shower of shot and shells was immediately poured upon it from the small island of Bequiers, and the enemy opened a steady fire within half gun-shot distance full into the bows of our van-ships. These were silently received

the men on board every ship being employed in furling the sails and making ready for anchoring. A French brig now endeavoured, though unsuccessfully, to decoy the English fleet to a shoal which lay off the island. The advanced ships led by Captain Foley in the *Goliath*, soon doubled on the French vessels, anchoring between them and the shore, while the main body, led by Nelson in the *Vanguard*, took their station on the outer side of the enemy. The sun was now nearly down. In a few minutes every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the *Vanguard's* deck was killed or wounded; and during the action these guns were thrice cleared. Six colours were flying from different parts of the rigging lest any should be shot away. About seven o'clock night closed, and no light remained but from the fire of the contending fleets.

When the action began, Troubridge, in the *Culloden*, with three other ships, was at a considerable distance from the rest of the fleet. He now came up, sounding as the others had done, but unfortunately ran aground, nor could he be got off in time to bear a part in the action. The other vessels, however, entered the bay, and, amid the darkness and confusion, took

their stations in a manner that excited great admiration.

The French line had by this time suffered so severely that victory was already certain on our side. Their first two ships had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action, and possession had been taken of three others by half past eight. During this time, while glancing over a sketch of the bay, Nelson received a severe wound from a broken langridge shot. It struck him on the forehead, cutting off a large piece of the skin, which, falling over his remaining eye, left him in total darkness. The blood flowed copiously, and those on deck thought the wound mortal from this circumstance. He was immediately carried below. The surgeon, busily engaged amid the horrors of the cockpit, instantly quitted the poor fellow on whom he was operating to attend the admiral.

“No!” exclaimed Nelson, “I will take my turn with my brave fellows.”

No farther persuasion could induce him to have his wound examined, until all who had been sent down earlier than himself were attended to, although he fully believed the injury mortal, and employed the interim in necessary and mindful

arrangements. Great was the joy of the whole crew when the surgeon at length pronounced the wound superficial. He was directed to be kept quiet, and was soon left alone. Suddenly a cry was heard on deck that the *Orient*, the French admiral's ship, was on fire. In the confusion, Nelson reached the deck unassisted and unnoticed, till, to the astonishment of every one, he ordered the boats to the relief of the enemy. The *Orient* had been newly painted, and the oil-jars and paint-buckets fed the flames which soon completely mastered the ship. She blew up about ten o'clock, with a shock felt to the bottom of every vessel. An awful stillness followed, both sides immediately ceasing to fire; and the splash of her shattered masts and yards falling from an immense height into the water, was the first sound which broke the silence. Not eighty of the crew were saved. The commodore, with his son, Casa Bianca, a brave boy only ten years old, who refused to leave his post without orders from his father then dying of his wounds, perished with many hundreds. The action was in part recommenced, and but for the want of frigates, not one of the enemy would have left Aboukir bay. Four only escaped. Thus ended a victory "the most complete and

glorious in the annals of naval history." Nelson called it a conquest; "Victory," said he, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene."

Shortly after the battle Sir Horatio received a singular present from one of his captains. Part of the main-mast of the *Orient* was picked up by Captain Hallowell, of the *Swiftsure*, which he ordered the carpenter to make into a coffin, the nails as well as the wood being furnished by the wreck. When completed, Hallowell sent it to Nelson, accompanied by a well-expressed letter. Nelson received the strange present with much gratification, and for some time had it placed upright in his own cabin. At length, finding it not quite suitable to the feelings of his guests and attendants, he, at the entreaties of an old and favourite servant; had it removed, giving strict orders that it should be safely stowed below, and be reserved for the purpose to which it had been designed by its donor.

Gratulations, rewards, and honours, too numerous to relate, showered on Nelson from the various states and powers to whom his victory gave a respite. At home alone he went comparatively unrewarded. He was only created a Baron, with a pension of £2000, for his own life and his two immediate successors.

Nelson now returned to Naples, and during

the next two years, was engaged in various endeavours to compose that distracted kingdom, and in defending it from the French. At length their expulsion from the Neapolitan and Roman states was effected, and Nelson received the dukedom of Bronte (the domain being worth about £3000 a year) from the Sicilian court. At Constantinople his name was in every mouth, while the Greeks of the little island of Zante, sent him a gold headed sword and a truncheon, set round in a single row with all the diamonds the isle could furnish.

Early in 1800, Nelson returned to England. Passing through Germany to Hamburgh, he was entertained by the Prince of Esterhazy with the utmost magnificence. A hundred grenadiers, each six feet in height, waited at the dinner-table. At Madgeburgh, the master of the hotel where he resided actually permitted the populace to mount a ladder and peep through a hole into Nelson's sitting-room, charging so much a head for the exhibition.

A German pastor, nearly eighty years of age, travelled forty miles with the Bible of his parish church, to request that Nelson would write his name in the first leaf of it.

At Hamburgh a wine merchant, seventy years of age, begged to see Lady Hamilton, who with

Sir William, had accompanied Nelson. He was introduced, when he told her he had some Rhenish wine of the vintage of 1625, which he had preserved during fifty years for extraordinary occasions. He requested that she would prevail on Lord Nelson to accept six dozen of this incomparable wine, adding that the thought that part of it would have the honour of flowing into the heart's blood of that immortal hero, would render him happy for the remainder of his life. Nelson at once agreed to accept of six bottles provided the old gentleman would dine with him next day. The enraptured wine-merchant sent twelve bottles.

"Well," said Nelson, "I hope to win six more great victories, so I will lay by the extra six bottles, and drink one after each."

Nelson was welcomed home by every possible demonstration of joy. But he was not long permitted to enjoy repose. A confederacy was forming between Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, in co-operation with France, to make England resign her naval rights. This combination the British cabinet immediately resolved to crush, and an expedition was fitted out and entrusted to Sir Hyde Parker, Nelson accompanying him as second in command.

An anecdote worthy of the age of chivalry must here be related. Before the fleet left Yarmouth it was well known to be destined against Denmark. The gallant Captain Riou commanded the Amazon frigate, and among his crew were some Danes. The poor fellows came to him in a body, and, while they expressed no wish to quit the British service, implored him to get them exchanged into some other ship, so that they might not be forced to fight against their own country. Tears came into the eyes of the generous sailor, and without speaking a word in reply, he ordered his boat instantly, nor did he return till he had effected the wishes of these poor patriots.

The fleet arrived in the Cattegat—on the 21st of May, 1801, and, after considerable delay, the passage of the Sound was effected on the 30th, without loss, as the Swedes remaining neutral enabled the English fleet to steer close to their shore, so as to be beyond range of the guns of Cronenburgh. At mid-day the whole fleet had anchored between the island of Huen and Copenhagen. A council of war was held, when Nelson shewed much impatience at the irresolution evinced by some of the officers, and he offered his services for the attack. Sir Hyde

immediately put twelve sail of the line and the smaller vessels at his disposal, leaving everything to his judgment.

Day and night was Nelson now engaged in making soundings and laying down buoys. On the 1st of April all was accomplished. Meantime the Danes had not been idle. All ranks had volunteered for the defence of their country, the university alone furnishing twelve hundred youths, who had been constantly employed since the threatened descent in the management of the guns.

At half past nine next morning the ships weighed anchor and stood in towards the town. Through the indecision of the pilots three ships grounded. Nelson in his own ship promptly quitted the order of sailing which had been prescribed, and thus guided the remaining vessels from a similar disaster. At ten the action began. Nelson's face had been clouded by anxiety and vexation up to this time, but now, amid the roar of more than a thousand guns, his countenance became animated and joyful. Sir Hyde who was near enough to see the accidents which had deprived Nelson of so large a portion of his force, yet unable to render assistance, wind and current opposing, deter-

mined, after an unslackened fire of three hours, to make the signal of recall.

Nelson was pacing his quarter-deck in a state of high excitement, when the lieutenant reported the signal for discontinuing the action. Nelson at first paid no attention to the information.

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"No, acknowledge it," replied Nelson sharply, continuing his walk.

Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still flying, and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Mind you keep it so!" He then turned to his Captain, Foley.

"You know, Foley," said he, "I have only one eye, and have a right to be blind sometimes." Then in a bitter mood, raising his glass to the blind eye, he added, "I really do not see the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast!"

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volunteered and obtained the command of a floating battery, and on a mere raft fought with such skill, till the truce was announced, as to induce Nelson to say of him, "He ought to be made an admiral!"

Soon after one o'clock the fire of the Danish ships slackened, and by half-past two the greater part had struck. But on the English boats going to take possession, they were fired upon. This was not through treachery or contempt of the usages of war, but the vessels lying near the shore were constantly replenished by men, who, ignorant that they had surrendered, were only anxious to defend them. In self defence the English were obliged to recommence their fire. From the position these unfortunate ships now occupied, they were also exposed to the fire of the Danish batteries, more than half the shot taking effect upon them. Shocked at this massacre, for so Nelson deemed it, he immediately retired to the stern gallery, and wrote as follows to the Crown Prince:—

"Vice Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken,

immediately put twelve sail of the line and the smaller vessels at his disposal, leaving everything to his judgment.

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The other ships followed Nelson's conduct. Riou's little squadron of frigates, which had been matched against the largest battery, alone

without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English."

This letter had the desired effect. The cannonading ceased, and a truce was soon entered upon. The loss of the English, in killed and wounded, was nine hundred and fifty-three. But the unhappy Danes suffered far more severely, for there was hardly a family in Copenhagen which had not to mourn the loss of some of its members. For his services on this occasion Nelson was raised to the rank of viscount.

However opinion may differ as to the justice of the battle of Copenhagen, the bravery of Nelson, and all under his command, must call forth general admiration. Our celebrated poet, Campbell, has rehearsed their deeds of valour in his well-known "Battle of the Baltic."

A few months after this Nelson was once more engaged against the French in an unsuccessful boat attack on the flotilla at Boulogne. The peace of Amiens caused a slight cessation of hostilities; but on the renewal of the war Nelson was again in the Mediterranean, first blockading the French fleet at Toulon for nearly two years, and then, when they escaped his vigilance, he chased them to the West Indies and back

volunteered and obtained the command of a floating battery, and on a mere raft fought with such skill, till the truce was announced, as to induce Nelson to say of him, "He ought to be made an admiral!"

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Victory. Nelson's whole attention was now fixed on the enemy. Feeling certain of a triumphant issue of the approaching contest, he turned suddenly about and inquired,

"Blackwood, what shall you consider as a victory?"

"Why, my lord," answered Blackwood, "considering the handsome way in which the enemy offers battle, their apparent determination for a trial of strength, and the situation of the land, the capture of fourteen sail will be a glorious result."

"I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty," quickly rejoined Nelson.

A few minutes passed in silence. "Do you not think there is yet a signal wanting?" at last asked Nelson.

"There appears no want," replied Blackwood; "the whole fleet seem clearly to understand what they are about."

Scarcely were the words spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as our country endures — Nelson's last signal:—

"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!"

As it flew a loud shout of acclamation rang throughout the fleet.

again, without being able to come to an action. He then resigned the command to Admiral Cornwallis, and determined to rest awhile. But before many days had elapsed news of the combined French and Spanish fleets being at Cadiz recalled him. His anxiety to "give M. Ville-neuve a drubbing," as he expressed it, made him offer his services, which were gladly accepted, and he was once more engaged in what the nation thought "ought properly to be Nelson's work." Thousands crowded to the shore the day he embarked in the *Victory*, and stood gazing on the favourite hero they now saw for the last time.

The English fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates, while the enemy had thirty-three battle ships and seven large frigates. On board of these were four thousand troops, amongst which were many riflemen dispersed through the different vessels. At dawn on the 21st of October, 1805, the combined fleets were seen from the *Victory's* deck. Signal was soon made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines. The fleet set all sail; the lee line of thirteen ships being led by Collingwood; the weather line of fourteen by Nelson.

Soon after six o'clock one of the English officers, Captain Blackwood, went on board the

hauled off. This saved the vessels from destruction, but the smoke clearing quickly, the Danes got a clear sight, and pointed their guns with tremendous effect as they drew off.

“What will Nelson think of us?” exclaimed Riou mournfully.

Just then the Amazon shewed her stern to the battery. Riou was already wounded in the head by a splinter; a shot now struck down his clerk by his side, while another swept away several marines.

“Come, then, my boys!” cried Riou, seating himself on a gun, “let us all die together!” Scarcely had he uttered the words, before a raking shot cut him in two! No severer loss, except the death of Nelson, could have befallen the British navy.

Unabated vigour still distinguished the fight. On board the Monarch, which lost more of her crew on that day than any ship during the whole war, the characteristic coolness of the English character was singularly displayed. The pork and peas happened to be in the kettle;—a shot scattered the contents—and amid the tremendous carnage the men picked up the pieces, fighting and eating at the same time.—A youth, named Villemoes, greatly distinguished himself on the Danish side. Though only seventeen, he had

sides of her deck; and as it was necessary, in order to break the enemy's line, to run on board of one of their ships, Nelson having given Hardy his choice, her helm was put to port, and she ran on board the Redoubtable just as her tiller ropes were shot away. This ship received her with a broadside, and immediately closed her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, nor did she during the action fire another great gun.

Twice did Nelson issue orders to cease firing on the Redoubtable, supposing, as her guns were silent, that she had struck; for, as in common with the other vessels of the enemy in the early part of the action, she carried no flag, the fact could not be instantly ascertained. From this vessel, which his humanity spared, Nelson received his death wound. Her tops were filled with riflemen, and one of these stationed in her mizen-top, which was not fifteen yards from the part of the deck where Nelson was standing, took aim and fired at him. The ball struck the epaulet on his left shoulder, carrying a portion of the metal before it, and lodged in his chest. Nelson fell on his face. Three sailors instantly raised him.

“ They have done for me at last, Hardy,”

Sir William, had accompanied Nelson. He was introduced, when he told her he had some Rhenish wine of the vintage of 1625, which he had preserved during fifty years for extraordinary occasions. He requested that she would prevail on Lord Nelson to accept six dozen of this incomparable wine, adding that the thought that part of it would have the honour of flowing into the heart's blood of that immortal hero, would render him happy for the remainder of his life. Nelson at once agreed to accept of six bottles provided the old gentleman would dine with him next day. The enraptured wine-merchant sent twelve bottles.

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Just then the Amazon shewed her stern to the battery. Riou was already wounded in the head by a splinter; a shot now struck down his clerk by his side, while another swept away several marines.

“Come, then, my boys!” cried Riou, seating himself on a gun, “let us all die together!” Scarcely had he uttered the words, before a raking shot cut him in two! No severer loss, except the death of Nelson, could have befallen the British navy.

Unabated vigour still distinguished the fight. On board the Monarch, which lost more of her crew on that day than any ship during the whole war, the characteristic coolness of the English character was singularly displayed. The pork and peas happened to be in the kettle;—a shot scattered the contents—and amid the tremendous carnage the men picked up the pieces, fighting and eating at the same time.—A youth, named Villemoes, greatly distinguished himself on the Danish side. Though only seventeen, he had

volunteered and obtained the command of a floating battery, and on a mere raft fought with such skill, till the truce was announced, as to induce Nelson to say of him, "He ought to be made an admiral!"

Soon after one o'clock the fire of the Danish ships slackened, and by half-past two the greater part had struck. But on the English boats going to take possession, they were fired upon. This was not through treachery or contempt of the usages of war, but the vessels lying near the shore were constantly replenished by men, who, ignorant that they had surrendered, were only anxious to defend them. In self defence the English were obliged to recommence their fire. From the position these unfortunate ships now occupied, they were also exposed to the fire of the Danish batteries, more than half the shot taking effect upon them. Shocked at this massacre, for so Nelson deemed it, he immediately retired to the stern gallery, and wrote as follows to the Crown Prince:—

"Vice Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken,

exclaimed Nelson, as struck with horror, his captain turned round.

“ I hope not,” cried Hardy.

“ Yes !” replied Nelson ; “ my back bone is shot through.”

While they were carrying him down, Nelson’s presence of mind did not forsake him, for noticing that the tiller ropes were not yet replaced, he ordered new ones to be rove immediately. Then covering his face and stars with his handkerchief, that his crew might not recognise him, he was conveyed through the cockpit to a pallet in the midshipmen’s berth. The wound was indeed found to be mortal, although this was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. Nelson himself felt certain that nothing could be done for him, and desired the surgeon to leave him to attend to those to whom he might be useful. He was in great pain, but they continued to fan him, and give him lemonade to assuage his intense thirst. Yet at each hurra from the crew as a fresh ship struck, joy gleamed in the eyes and overspread the countenance of the dying hero. He was very anxious to see Hardy, and feared from his delay that he was killed. It was more than an hour before he could quit the deck,

again, without being able to come to an action. He then resigned the command to Admiral Cornwallis, and determined to rest awhile. But before many days had elapsed news of the combined French and Spanish fleets being at Cadiz recalled him. His anxiety to "give M. Ville-neuve a drubbing," as he expressed it, made him offer his services, which were gladly accepted, and he was once more engaged in what the nation thought "ought properly to be Nelson's work." Thousands crowded to the shore the day he embarked in the *Victory*, and stood gazing on the favourite hero they now saw for the last time.

The English fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates, while the enemy had thirty-three battle ships and seven large frigates. On board of these were four thousand troops, amongst which were many riflemen dispersed through the different vessels. At dawn on the 21st of October, 1805, the combined fleets were seen from the *Victory's* deck. Signal was soon made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines. The fleet set all sail; the lee line of thirteen ships being led by Collingwood; the weather line of fourteen by Nelson.

Soon after six o'clock one of the English officers, Captain Blackwood, went on board the

without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English."

This letter had the desired effect. The cannonading ceased, and a truce was soon entered upon. The loss of the English, in killed and wounded, was nine hundred and fifty-three. But the unhappy Danes suffered far more severely, for there was hardly a family in Copenhagen which had not to mourn the loss of some of its members. For his services on this occasion Nelson was raised to the rank of viscount.

However opinion may differ as to the justice of the battle of Copenhagen, the bravery of Nelson, and all under his command, must call forth general admiration. Our celebrated poet, Campbell, has rehearsed their deeds of valour in his well-known "Battle of the Baltic."

A few months after this Nelson was once more engaged against the French in an unsuccessful boat attack on the flotilla at Boulogne. The peace of Amiens caused a slight cessation of hostilities; but on the renewal of the war Nelson was again in the Mediterranean, first blockading the French fleet at Toulon for nearly two years, and then, when they escaped his vigilance, he chased them to the West Indies and back

“ Now,” said Nelson, “ I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty.”

On that day Nelson wore as usual his admiral's frock coat, with the four stars of the different orders with which he was invested on the left breast. This made him a conspicuous object. His officers, however, dared not request him to change his dress, or even to cover his honours; for on former occasions they had only displeased him by such entreaty, without its producing any effect. Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, both now pointed out to him the advantage of his keeping out of the action as long as possible, hoping thus to preserve him from the murderous aim of the French sharp-shooters. Nelson at last consented to allow the two vessels sailing abreast of the Victory to precede her, and gave orders for them to pass a-head. Still as he would not shorten the sail on his own ship, but evidently took pleasure in pressing on, he rendered his own orders unavailing. The sun now shone on the sails of the enemy's vessels, which formed a beautiful, although at the same time a formidable, spectacle. The British tars thought not of their strength; but confident of winning what

Victory. Nelson's whole attention was now fixed on the enemy. Feeling certain of a triumphant issue of the approaching contest, he turned suddenly about and inquired,

"Blackwood, what shall you consider as a victory?"

"Why, my lord," answered Blackwood, "considering the handsome way in which the enemy offers battle, their apparent determination for a trial of strength, and the situation of the land, the capture of fourteen sail will be a glorious result."

"I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty," quickly rejoined Nelson.

A few minutes passed in silence. "Do you not think there is yet a signal wanting?" at last asked Nelson.

"There appears no want," replied Blackwood; "the whole fleet seem clearly to understand what they are about."

Scarcely were the words spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as our country endures—Nelson's last signal:—

"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!"

As it flew a loud shout of acclamation rang throughout the fleet.

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they now saw, admired the splendour of the spectacle, and remarked to each other, "What a fine sight yonder ships will make at Spit-head!"

At ten minutes to twelve the enemy opened their fire, at first single guns, to ascertain the range. When Nelson perceived that the shot passed over the Victory, he desired Blackwood, who was still with him, and Captain Prowse, of the Sirius, to repair to their frigates. As they stood on the front of the poop Blackwood took him by the hand.

"My lord," said he, "I hope soon to return, and find you in possession of twenty prizes."

"God bless you, Blackwood," replied Nelson, impressed as it were with the certainty of his own death, "I shall never see you again!"

Collingwood's line became first engaged. But no sooner did a shot take effect on the main-top-gallant sail of the Victory, than the enemy opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at the rigging, hoping to disable her before she could close with them. Nelson, however, stood on for his "old acquaintance," as he called her, the Santissima Trinidad, an incessant raking fire being kept up on the Victory. Fifty of her crew were killed or wounded before she returned a single gun. She now opened her fire from both

sides of her deck; and as it was necessary, in order to break the enemy's line, to run on board of one of their ships, Nelson having given Hardy his choice, her helm was put to port, and she ran on board the Redoubtable just as her tiller ropes were shot away. This ship received her with a broadside, and immediately closed her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, nor did she during the action fire another great gun.

Twice did Nelson issue orders to cease firing on the Redoubtable, supposing, as her guns were silent, that she had struck; for, as in common with the other vessels of the enemy in the early part of the action, she carried no flag, the fact could not be instantly ascertained. From this vessel, which his humanity spared, Nelson received his death wound. Her tops were filled with riflemen, and one of these stationed in her mizen-top, which was not fifteen yards from the part of the deck where Nelson was standing, took aim and fired at him. The ball struck the epaulet on his left shoulder, carrying a portion of the metal before it, and lodged in his chest. Nelson fell on his face. Three sailors instantly raised him.

“They have done for me at last, Hardy,”

exclaimed Nelson, as struck with horror, his captain turned round.

“ I hope not,” cried Hardy.

“ Yes !” replied Nelson ; “ my back bone is shot through.”

While they were carrying him down, Nelson’s presence of mind did not forsake him, for noticing that the tiller ropes were not yet replaced, he ordered new ones to be rove immediately. Then covering his face and stars with his handkerchief, that his crew might not recognise him, he was conveyed through the cockpit to a pallet in the midshipmen’s berth. The wound was indeed found to be mortal, although this was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. Nelson himself felt certain that nothing could be done for him, and desired the surgeon to leave him to attend to those to whom he might be useful. He was in great pain, but they continued to fan him, and give him lemonade to assuage his intense thirst. Yet at each hurra from the crew as a fresh ship struck, joy gleamed in the eyes and overspread the countenance of the dying hero. He was very anxious to see Hardy, and feared from his delay that he was killed. It was more than an hour before he could quit the deck,

but at last he came. Nelson and he shook hands; Hardy struggling, but in vain, to repress his feelings.

“Well, Hardy,” asked Nelson, “how goes the day with us?”

“Very well,” replied Hardy, “ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and seem to be bearing down on the Victory. However, I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.”

“I hope none of our ships have struck,” inquired Nelson.

“There is no fear of that,” was the reply.

“Hardy,” continued Nelson, “I am a dead man. I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other other things belonging to me.

“I trust, my lord, Dr. Beatty can still hold out some hopes of life.”

“Oh no! it is impossible,” said Nelson; “My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.”

Hardy was now obliged to hasten upon deck, and fifty minutes elapsed before he was able to return, when again taking the hand of the

dying commander, he told him they had gained a complete victory, and that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy were taken.

"That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty. Anchor, Hardy, anchor."

"Admiral Collingwood will probably now take upon himself the ordering of affairs," observed Hardy.

"Not while I live, Hardy!" cried Nelson with energy, trying at the same moment to raise himself on the bed, "Do you anchor." Then falling back he continued in a feeble tone, "Don't throw me overboard, but bury me beside my parents, unless the king orders otherwise. And take care of poor Lady Hamilton.—Kiss me, Hardy."

Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek. "Now I am satisfied," said Nelson. "Thank God, I have done my duty!"

After a few moments Hardy again stooped and kissed his forehead.

"Who is that?" inquired Nelson.

"It is Hardy, my lord."

"God bless you, Hardy," he exclaimed. And Hardy then left him—for ever.

He now began to wish he had not left the deck, as all would soon be over. But his articulation became difficult, although he was heard



DEATH OF NELSON.



repeatedly to pronounce at first distinctly, but gradually growing fainter,—

“Thank God, I have done my duty!”

At half-past four he expired—three hours and a quarter after being wounded.

His remains were brought home in the *Victory*. The body lay in state at Greenwich, in the coffin made of the mast of the *Orient*, which Captain Hallowell had given him. It was then interred in St. Paul’s.

The leaden coffin which had been used to convey the body home, was cut in pieces by the sailors, and distributed as relics of “Saint Nelson”—as one of them called him. And at his interment, when his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, with one accord the sailors who assisted rent it in pieces, that each while he lived might preserve a fragment.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE TWO MILITARY STUDENTS—WELLINGTON'S FIRST CAMPAIGN—INDIA — TIPPOO'S BRACELETS — THE PENINSULA — HEIGHTS OF GUINALDO — STRANGE FRENCH REVIEW—TAKING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO—PASSAGE OF THE GARONNE—INGENIOUS STRATAGEM OF AN ENGLISH OFFICER—ABDICATION OF BUONAPARTE -- WELLINGTON AT DOVER—BRUSSELS—BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS—NAPOLEON OUT-GENERALLED—WATERLOO.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, the fourth son of the Earl of Mornington, was born on the 1st of May, 1769, at Dungan Castle, in Ireland. Although exhibiting no decided inclination for the profession of arms a soldier's career was chosen for him at an early age, and after some preparatory years spent at Eton, he was sent to Angiers, in France, to learn in its ancient military school those lessons in the art of war which he was destined in after life again and again so gloriously to surpass.

At this time France had another military school, of nearly if not equal celebrity, at Brienne. Among the students was a youth a few months the junior of young Wellesley,

whose martial propensities and proficiency had already given him a superiority over his fellows. Everything connected with his studies or his sports was of a military character, and many anecdotes are told of his skill and judgment in the "mimic strife," when the new fallen snow supplied a harmless ammunition, and formed ramparts which it was not death to scale. This youth was Napoleon Buonaparte.

Thus, nearly of equal age, at similar schools, in the same country, and at the same period, were two young men actively pursuing like studies, yet who, in after life, were each to be the leaders of contending armies till, when their deeds had been felt and known throughout and beyond Europe, one should, after a brief last struggle of a day, be for ever despoiled of the crown he had won by might, by the stronger and avenging arm of the other.

Unlike his contemporary, the genius of Wellington did not display itself beyond enabling him to attain a fair and creditable proficiency at Angiers. On his return to England he was gazetted to an ensigncy early in 1787, and five years later, having passed through the intermediate degrees, he obtained a troop in the 18th light dragoons.

His first appearance in public life was as a

statesman, being returned to the Irish parliament for the borough of Trim. A gentleman who has since attained official eminence, about this time made his first visit to the House. A friend who accompanied him pointed out the various distinguished members as they entered, and gave a slight sketch of their characters. One member, dressed in a scarlet uniform, with very large epaulets, caught the stranger's eye, and his appearance led to the enquiry, who he was. "That," was the reply, "is Captain Wellesley, a brother of Lord Mornington, and one of the aides-de-camp of the Lord Lieutenant." "I suppose he never speaks," said the strange visitor. "You are wrong," was the reply, "he does speak sometimes, and when he does, believe me, it is always to the purpose."

Wellington's military career of active service commenced by his being ordered with his regiment to join the army in the Netherlands. Ere he reached it the tide of victory was running against the British arms; and his opening campaign, while it gave him much experience, brought him but little glory. He had now obtained the rank of Colonel, and as commander of the rear-guard of the army, he steadily covered its retreat before the advancing troops of the French republic, till they crossed the

frontiers of the Low Countries; when, after a kindly welcome and a short stay with the Bre-meners, they returned home.

The worn-out regiments were immediately recruited, and in April, 1796, Colonel Wellesley sailed with his corps for the East Indies, where he arrived in February the following year.

The fall of Seringapatam, and the death of Tippoo Sultaun in its defence, are well known events. General Baird, who commanded the successful attack on the city, the following day resigned the charge of the fortress to Colonel Wellesley, who showed the energy of his character by his prompt measures in putting a stop to the marauding. Tippoo's treasure house had been forced by a private door, and although this was soon discovered, yet large quantities of the jewels were lost. The soldiers parted with these for mere trifles to any purchaser. A surgeon thus obtained a pair of gold bracelets studded with diamonds, the least costly of which was worth thirty-two thousand pounds.

The principal command of the army in India was soon intrusted to Colonel Wellesley, and early next year he was gazetted major-general. The nature of this sketch will not admit of a detailed account of the rest of the campaign, although it proved a "short but brilliant one"—

one which ended in the entire submission of the Mahratta potentates who continued the struggle after Tippoo's fall, and completely established the reputation of the future hero of Waterloo.

A staff-command awaited Major-general (and now Sir Arthur) Wellesley's return to England, and soon afterwards he married Catharine, the third daughter of the Earl of Longford.

The command of a detachment of the army sent against the French in Spain and Portugal, was confided to Sir Arthur, in June 1808, when without delay he proceeded to Corunna. The earlier part of this campaign was extremely unsettled; at one time the command of the British army passed into different hands three times during twenty-four hours. Under this state of things, united operations could not be expected, and Sir Arthur finding his relations to the commander-in-chief, Sir Hew Dalrymple, becoming far from cordial, determined to obtain leave to return to England. Soon after he had done so, Sir Hew was recalled, when the difficult task of guiding the army's movements in the Peninsula at this time devolved on Sir John Moore, "one whom, next to Sir Arthur Wellesley, the troops most respected and loved." After the battle of Corunna, the country lay almost at the mercy of the French, who took

Saragossa and Oporto, and in both towns the utmost atrocities of war were displayed. England again determined to assist Portugal in throwing off the French yoke, and on this occasion the Portuguese government showed its good sense, by placing the national troops under the complete direction of the English commander-in-chief, so that virtually they became British troops, being "taken into English pay, placed under English officers, organized on the same system, and subjected to the same regulations."

The successes of the earlier portion of the campaign, owing to the admirable conduct of Sir Arthur, were so well appreciated at home that the king raised him to the peerage. Through many difficulties Lord Wellington still continued to lead the allied army on from victory to victory, to relate which, even briefly, would alone fill a volume, till he found himself on the heights of Guinaldo, prepared to check the advance of the French army to the relief of Ciudad Rodrigo, in Spain, which he had blockaded. From these heights Lord Wellington looked down upon sixty thousand soldiers advancing in battle order, the leading squadrons already within cannon range of his position.

Unaware of the feeble force which held the

heights, the French troops mounted the ridge to attack as they supposed the whole army, yet, though only two brigades occupied these eminences, the enemy was repulsed. At night the troops fell back on Guinaldo, the tired soldiers sleeping soundly in their dangerous bivouac. It was a night of great anxiety for Lord Wellington—he knew well his critical situation—yet he caused fires to be lighted along the line, and put on every appearance of confident defiance.

“Long before dawn, however, all were astir and in their places; and the different regiments looked anxiously for the moment which should behold the commencement of a game as desperate as any which they had yet been called upon upon to play. But, instead of indulging our troops as they expected,” says Lord Londonderry, “Marmont contented himself with making an exhibition of his force, and causing it to execute a variety of manœuvres in our presence; and it must be confessed a spectacle more striking has rarely been seen. The large body of cavalry which followed us to our position, and had bivouacked during the night in the woods adjoining, were just drawn up in compact array, as if waiting for the signal to push on. By and by, nine battalions of infantry, attended by a proportionate quantity of artillery, made their

appearance, and formed into columns, lines, eschellons, and squares. Towards noon, twelve battalions of the imperial guard came upon the ground in one solid mass, and as each soldier was decked out with feathers and shoulder-knots of a bloody hue, their appearance was certainly imposing in no ordinary degree. The solid column, however, soon deployed into columns of battalions—a movement which was executed with a degree of quickness and accuracy quite admirable; and then, after having performed several other evolutions with equal precision, the guards piled their arms and prepared to bivouac. Next came another division of infantry in rear of the guards, and then a fresh column of cavalry, till it was computed that the enemy had collected on this single point a force of not less than 25,000 men. Nor did the muster cease to go on as long as daylight lasted. To the very last moment we could observe men, horses, guns, carriages, tumbrils, and ammunition waggons, flocking into the encampment, as if it were the design of the French general to bring his whole disposable force to bear against the position of Fuente Guinaldo.”

Wellington looked calmly on this magnificent display of strength. During the French “review,” for such it has been called, a Spanish

general stood by Lord Wellington's side, wondering at the calmness with which, having only two brigades at hand, he could behold sixty thousand unconquered troops of the enemy going through their evolutions nearly within the range of his guns.

"Why, my lord," at length cried the officer, who was a great favourite of Wellington's, "here you are, with a couple of weak divisions in front of the whole French army, and you seem quite at your ease;—why, it is enough to put any man in a fever!"

"I have done, according to the best of my judgment, all that can be done," was Wellington's reply; "therefore I care not either for the enemy in front, or for anything which they may say at home."

That night, however, Wellington drew off, united his scattered brigades, and was soon in a condition to court and not decline a battle. Great was the astonishment of the French marshal, when he afterwards learned that his opponent had for six and thirty hours been almost at his mercy. His vexation can scarcely be imagined; but he comforted himself that the planets had favoured the English general. With sounder judgment, though not aware of the pro-

phetic truth of his language, Marmont immediately added,—

“WELLINGTON’S STAR IS BRILLIANT AS NAPOLEON’S !”

Two months after this retreat Wellington invested Ciudad Rodrigo, which was now occupied by the French. It was early in January, 1811, yet notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, and the dangers to which the army was exposed, in case of the sudden rising of the river Agueda, which runs nearly in front of the town, the preliminaries of the siege were successfully conducted. One afternoon the breaching batteries, comprising twenty-seven large guns, opened their fire on the wall of the town. In five days the breaches were practicable, and a summons to surrender was sent to the governor. This he declined doing. Wellington having personally examined the breaches, felt convinced that an assault had every prospect of success. Ordering the fire of the guns to be directed against the cannon on the ramparts, he sat down on an embankment and wrote the order of assault which was to seal the doom of the town, beginning with the emphatic sentence—

“The attack upon Ciudad Rodrigo must be made this evening at seven o’clock.”

When darkness came on the command was given—‘Stand to arms.’ The third division had previously approached within two gun shots of the main breach, and behind a convent stood the light division. To these divisions the assault was confided.

The soldiers of the third division listened eagerly, yet with calm determination, to the voice of their commander, as he announced the main breach as the point of attack, and without delay each man prepared for the desperate conflict. “Off went the packs; the stocks were unbuckled; the cartouch-box arranged to meet the hand more readily; flints were screwed home; every one, after his individual fancy, fitting himself for action. The companies were carefully told off; the serjeants called the rolls; and not a man was missing!”

The cathedral-bell tolled seven. As the sound died away the heavy tramp of the battalions broke the stillness which was again settling on the night. For a little space no other sound was heard: then suddenly rose a shout on the right of the line—it spread along the whole line—a spattering fire of musketry followed, the storming parties rushed towards the breaches, while with one tremendous crash every gun on the ramparts opened its fire, and showed that

the besieged had expected the assault, and were well prepared to defend themselves.

The storming party of the third division was already in the ditch, at the bottom of which the French had placed a chain of large shells united together by their fusees. The suddenness with which they found themselves assailed caused them to fire these too soon, and they happily exploded before the stormers were near enough to receive much injury from the shattering bombs.

Up the breach they mounted in gallant style, followed by two regiments who had entered the ditch at the right to support the assault. With equal gallantry the French met them, and for some minutes the bayonet did its deadly work almost equally on both sides. The assailants prevail—now they have gained the summit of the rampart. The French retire behind the entrenchments, and a second struggle commences.

Meantime the lesser breach was also gained, and with more success, for the supporting regiments mounted in large bodies, formed on the ramparts, one wheeling to the right and the other to the left, driving the defenders before them.

But the storming party who had won the great

breach now found their progress checked. A rampart twelve feet deep was before them, entrenchments were on each side, a field-piece was brought to bear upon them, and from the houses overlooking them the musketry poured an incessant stream of fire. Officers and men were falling fast, when Major William Mackie, the leader of the forlorn hope, letting himself fall into the town from the rampart, found the trench that was on the right of the breach to be cut quite across. Quickly passing through, and again ascending the breach, he led his men by this way into the street. On their unexpected appearance the enemy fled in great haste to the citadel. At another point an attack had been made by the Portuguese troops, with a view only to distract the attention of the enemy, yet even this assault proved successful, and the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo was complete. Major Mackie with a mixed party reached the citadel; and his gallantry was rewarded by receiving there the submission of General Barrie and such of the garrison as it contained.

Spain and Portugal conferred honours on the conqueror of Rodrigo, and at home he was raised to the earldom of Wellington, with an increased annuity of £2000 a year.

One day at the close of March, 1814, a party of English officers and engineers in consultation was observed on the western bank of the river Garonne, opposite Toulouse. A measuring line had already been stretched across the river, and considerable anxiety appeared among the group to learn the result it indicated, for their object was to ascertain the practicability of throwing a floating bridge of pontoons over the river. One of the party, dressed in a plain grey frock coat, yet presenting a figure which those who once saw never failed to remember, alone remained calmly awaiting the report of the engineers. This was soon brought, to the effect that through the recent floods the river was too extensive to be covered by the boats.

"Then till the Garonne falls, we cannot pass over," remarked one of the company.

"Not so," instantly answered the wearer of the grey frock, "if it will not do one way, we must try another; for I never in my life gave up anything I once undertook."

It was Lord Wellington who spoke, and his strong decided tone had a cheerful animation which assured the officers who surrounded him, that the swollen stream would not long prove an obstacle to the advance of the troops.

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But the storming party who had won the great

at length been compelled to quit Spain, and with such speed that in four days they passed over ground which it took the allied armies seven days to traverse. During the retreat the two armies approached each other several times, and on one occasion when the French army was crossing the plains of Ger, its pursuers followed so closely that had it not been for the thick woods through which they had to pass, Soult's retreat would have been seriously endangered by the British cavalry. Lord Wellington noticed that a wooded height overlooking the main road, was occupied by the enemy, but as a constant running fire was kept up by the skirmishers in advance, he was unable to ascertain how strong a force had it in possession.

An English officer, Captain William Light, undertook to bring the desired information, which he obtained in a most daring, yet successful manner. "He rode forward as if he would force his way through the French skirmishers, but when in the wood dropped his reins and leaned back as if badly wounded; his horse appeared to canter wildly along the front of the enemy's light troops, and they, thinking him mortally hurt, ceased their fire and took no further notice. He thus passed unobserved through the wood to the other side of the hill,



WELLINGTON AT THE GARONNE.

heights, the French troops mounted the ridge to attack as they supposed the whole army, yet, though only two brigades occupied these eminences, the enemy was repulsed. At night the troops fell back on Guinaldo, the tired soldiers sleeping soundly in their dangerous bivouac. It was a night of great anxiety for Lord Wellington—he knew well his critical situation—yet he caused fires to be lighted along the line, and put on every appearance of confident defiance.

“Long before dawn, however, all were astir and in their places; and the different regiments looked anxiously for the moment which should behold the commencement of a game as desperate as any which they had yet been called upon upon to play. But, instead of indulging our troops as they expected,” says Lord Londonderry, “Marmont contented himself with making an exhibition of his force, and causing it to execute a variety of manœuvres in our presence; and it must be confessed a spectacle more striking has rarely been seen. The large body of cavalry which followed us to our position, and had bivouacked during the night in the woods adjoining, were just drawn up in compact array, as if waiting for the signal to push on. By and by, nine battalions of infantry, attended by a proportionate quantity of artillery, made their

appearance, and formed into columns, lines, eschellons, and squares. Towards noon, twelve battalions of the imperial guard came upon the ground in one solid mass, and as each soldier was decked out with feathers and shoulder-knots of a bloody hue, their appearance was certainly imposing in no ordinary degree. The solid column, however, soon deployed into columns of battalions—a movement which was executed with a degree of quickness and accuracy quite admirable; and then, after having performed several other evolutions with equal precision, the guards piled their arms and prepared to bivouac. Next came another division of infantry in rear of the guards, and then a fresh column of cavalry, till it was computed that the enemy had collected on this single point a force of not less than 25,000 men. Nor did the muster cease to go on as long as daylight lasted. To the very last moment we could observe men, horses, guns, carriages, tumbrils, and ammunition waggons, flocking into the encampment, as if it were the design of the French general to bring his whole disposable force to bear against the position of Fuente Guinaldo.”

Wellington looked calmly on this magnificent display of strength. During the French “review,” for such it has been called, a Spanish

allied armies thus exceeded Napoleon's in numbers, his consisted of veteran troops of one nation, while theirs were composed for the most part of raw levies. That under the Duke was "the weakest and the worst;" at no time did it reach eighty thousand men, and on one half of these only could reliance be placed in the day of battle.

"I am going to have a brush with Wellington," said Napoleon, on the evening of the 11th of June, 1815, and next morning before day-break he set out to join his army on the frontiers, taking every precaution to conceal from Wellington that he was coming. Napoleon's object was to separate Blucher from Wellington, then to deal with each singly, and thus to crush them for ever. Then France, rejoicing to see glory once more resting on her eagles, would again hail him as her emperor.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 15th the whole French army was put in motion, Napoleon having joined it a few hours previously. Its first attack was directed against Blucher. The Prussian outposts near the Sambre were speedily driven back, and the French army crossed the river in four bodies. The whole day was spent in a series of combats, and when night fell the French had succeeded in driving

back the Prussians as far as Quatre Bras; but their grand object of cutting off Blucher's communication with Wellington at Brussels had completely failed.

While at dinner Wellington received the first news of the advance of Napoleon. Thinking that this was merely a feint to draw the allies towards Ligny, while a serious attempt was made upon Brussels, Wellington, who had already prepared himself for any emergency, determined to wait till Napoleon's object was more fully displayed; while, therefore, he gave orders that the troops should be in readiness to march at a moment's notice, he, with his officers, joined in the festivities of a ball given that evening by the Duchess of Richmond.

Blucher's second courier arrived before twelve o'clock, and the despatches were delivered to the duke in the ball-room. While he was reading them he seemed completely absorbed by their contents; and after he had finished, for some minutes he remained in the same attitude of deep reflection, totally abstracted from every surrounding object, while his countenance was expressive of fixed and intense thought. He was heard to mutter to himself, ' Marshal Blucher thinks;'—' It is Marshal Blucher's opinion;'—and after remaining thus abstracted a few

minutes, and having apparently formed his decision, he gave his usual clear and concise orders to one of his staff officers, who instantly left the room, and was again as gay and animated as ever; he staid supper, and then went home.

The trumpet's loud call awoke every sleeper in the city of Brussels a little after midnight. Then it became known that the French had advanced to Charleroi, which they had taken, and that our troops were ordered to advance and support the Prussians. Instantly the place resounded with martial preparations, and as soldiers were quartered in every house, the whole town became one bustling scene.

At daylight the troops were under arms, and at eight o'clock set out for Quatre Bras, the expected scene of action in advance of Charleroi; the fifth division taking the direct road through the forest of Soignies.

Early in the afternoon Marshal Ney attacked the Prince of Orange, and by an overwhelming superiority of troops was driving him back through a thick wood called "Le Bois de Bosseu," when the leading columns of the English reached Quatre Bras. Wellington's eye at once saw the critical situation of his ally, and though the troops had marched twenty miles under a sultry sky, he knew their spirit was indomitable, and

gave the welcome order that the wood must be immediately regained.

On came Ney's infantry, doubling that of his opponents' in number, supported by a crashing fire of artillery, quickly followed by the cavalry, which, dashing through the rye crops, more than breast high, charged the English regiments as soon as they reached the battle ground. Yet though unable properly to establish themselves, they formed square, and roughly repelled the enemy. Fierce and frequent were the efforts of the French to break the squares. Showers of grape poured upon them, and the moment an opening appeared on rushed the lancers. But the dead were quickly removed, and though the squares were lessened, they still presented an unbroken line of glittering bayonets, which neither the spears of the lancers, nor the long swords of the cuirassiers, could break through.

A division of the guards from Enghien, coming up at this crisis, gallantly charged the enemy, and in half an hour cleared the wood of them completely. This exploit was remarkable, achieved as it was by young soldiers after a toilsome march of fifteen hours, during which time they had been without any thing to eat or drink. The fire of the French artillery, and the charges of the cavalry, obliged these gallant

fellows, although now joined by the Brunswickers, in some measure to keep the shelter of the wood. They, however, sallied out at intervals, until Ney finding himself shaken, sent for his reserve. This force Napoleon had unexpectedly removed to support his attack on the Prussians at Ligny; yet the marshal maintained his position to the close of the day, when he fell back on the road to Frasnes, while the British and their brave allies lighted fires, and securing such provisions as they could, after a scanty meal, piled arms, and lay down to rest on the battle-field.

Napoleon's simultaneous attack on the Prussians at Ligny, was for a long time doubtful. Both Blucher and Napoleon were compelled to bring their reserves into action, and when night closed Blucher still, "like a wounded lion," fought with ferocity. But the darkness enabled Napoleon to wheel a division of French infantry on the rear of the Prussians, while a dense body of cuirassiers forced Ligny on the other side, and not till then did Blucher fall back.

Wellington was prepared to accept battle at day-break next morning; but hearing of Blucher's retreat, he also resolved to fall back, so as to keep a lateral communication with the right wing of the Prussians, and by this movement

also prevent Buonaparte from placing himself between the two armies, when at his choice he might turn his forces against either, in which case the inferiority of numbers would have entailed certain defeat.

Napoleon expected to find the English army still upon the ground it had occupied on the 16th. Great was his surprise when on reaching the heights above Frasnes, he saw that the troops at the entrance of the wood were only a strong rear-guard, and that the retreat towards Brussels was already half effected. He bitterly rebuked Ney for his supposed negligence, though Wellington's own officers did not imagine they were to retreat till the moment it began, and the Duke by dextrously wheeling his troops round the wood, part of which could only be seen by the French, gave their marshal the idea that he was bringing up large re-inforcements, instead of drawing off his troops. The French squadrons immediately commenced the pursuit, but were so rudely handled by the Life Guards under Lord Uxbridge, who protected the rear, that, after several attacks, in the last of which the French hussars were charged and nearly cut to pieces, the pursuit was so severely checked, as to give the infantry ample time to take up the ground appointed them on the heights of Mont

St. Jean, covering the approach to Brussels by the great road from Charleroi. "Here it was that the Duke had determined to make his final stand, staking the glory of many years on the issue of a single battle."

The night was stormy in the extreme; the wind blew in furious gusts, the rain burst heavily over the heads of the troops, and vivid flashes of lightning accompanied by loud peals of thunder, formed a fit prelude to the coming day of strife.

The field of Waterloo is easily described. The forest of Soignies, a wood of beech trees growing thickly together, is crossed by the road from Brussels, a broad causeway, which reaches the small village of Waterloo. Thence the road has only straggling trees on each side, until a mile beyond the village, at an extended ridge, called the heights of Mont St. Jean, the country becomes quite open. Along the crest of this ridge lay the first line of the British army. The second lay behind the brow of the hill. To the right of the road, and a little in advance of the ridge, stood a farm house, called La Haye Sainte (the holy edge). This was occupied by a battalion of Hanoverian sharpshooters.

The ground in front of the British position sloped easily down, forming gentle sweeps and hollows, till at a distance of about fourteen hun-

dred yards it rose again, forming another ridge, called the heights of La Belle Alliance. This was the position of the French army.

Open and unclosed, the valley between the two ridges presented the appearance of an English corn field; and a tall, strong, green crop of wheat now covered its surface. Midway stood a gentleman's house of the old Flemish architecture, having a tower and battlements, surrounded on one side by a large farm yard, and on the other by a garden fenced by a strong brick wall. This was called the Chateau of Goumont or Hougoumont. This Wellington considered "the key of his position;" and to add to its advantages, he ordered the walls to be pierced with loopholes by the sappers, to afford perfect facility for its defenders to use their muskets and rifles.

When day broke, and Napoleon beheld his opponents, whom he feared would have escaped him during the night, fearlessly occupying their position of the evening before, and evidently prepared to defend it, a flush of joy overspread his face, while he exclaimed confidently, "Bravo! I have them then—these English!"

By nine o'clock the weather moderated, the sun shone out, fires were kindled, the men dried and cleaned their arms, and ammunition being

served out, provisions were distributed, and the men breakfasted "with some degree of comfort."

Since day-break occasional shots had been fired, but not till eleven o'clock did the battle begin. A body of light troops left the French line, and descending the hill at a sling trot, broke into scattered parties, keeping up an irregular fire as they advanced towards the chateau of Hougoumont. These were closely followed by three divisions, nearly thirty thousand strong, and the dropping fire was soon changed into one continued roll of musketry. As the English skirmishers fell back, two brigades of British artillery opened on the advancing columns of the French, each shot plunging and tearing through their masses, while the shells from the howitzers fell so truly that the shaken columns drew back. But now a powerful artillery opened from the French heights, fresh troops poured forward, and for more than an hour the line of each army remained spectators of the terrific attack on the chateau, surrounded by a dense cloud of smoke, through which glared forth the flashes of the artillery. The French guns had found their range, every shot told upon the old walls of the mansion; and crashing masonry, burning rafters falling, mingled with the yell of battle, added a fright-

ful interest to the scene. At length the Nassau sharp shooters were driven back, and the French troops began to penetrate the orchard; but ere they could occupy it the squadrons of English cavalry, under Lord Saltoun, bore down upon them, and drove them back. Wheeling round, they then attempted the rear of the chateau, but being received unflinchingly, were obliged to retire. Despairing of success, the French artillery now discharged shells upon Hougoumont; the tower and chapel were soon in a blaze, and in these many wounded men met a dreadful fate. Still, though surrounded by flames and bursting shells, with the heavy shot ploughing through wall and window, the guards held their post, nor could Hougoumont be taken.

A furious cannonade quickly opening along the whole line of each army, the battle at length became general. A stir in the opposing French ranks led the allies to expect an attack on their left wing, yet as cavalry only were to be seen, they considered the attempt would be to out-flank. But, on a sudden, the horse wheeled right and left, and, under cover of a furious cannonade, dense black masses advanced to the attack of the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte. They soon reached the line of defence; but, hesitating to attack it, were immediately charged

by the British light cavalry. The French Cuirassiers dashed on to support the retreating infantry, and for a while our light troops suffered severely in an unequal contest with their sword-proof antagonists. But Wellington ordering the Life Guards and Scotch Greys to charge, the effect was tremendous. The French, in spite of their weight, were literally ridden down, and living men and horses strewed the ground. Several pieces of artillery opening their fire compelled the British horse to retreat in turn, and again the French infantry poured onwards with loud cries, scattered the Belgian troops, and advanced to the very muzzles of the British muskets. Here, brought to stand, a sanguinary conflict ensued. For an hour the men fell on either side as though swept away by a whirlwind. The cavalry continued to charge from time to time; and during one onset, at a critical part of the struggle, the gallant General Picton fell while leading his division. His men rushed on eager to revenge the death of their leader, and two thousand of the enemy soon lay slain upon the field.

These various combats told in favour of the English, for although their loss was great it was far exceeded by that of the French. As the battle slackened in this quarter, Napoleon

ordered another attack on Hougoumont, which, like the former, totally failed. Meantime, however, the French gained possession of La Haye Sainte, but the British artillery on the adjacent ridge, continued to pour down so destructive a fire that this proved a very slight acquisition to Napoleon in his subsequent operations.

“As the day declined, the battle grew hotter and hotter, till about four o'clock it raged with a violence that baffles all description. The French continued to pour column upon column against the British line, but either a fire too deadly to be long endured, or, if that failed, the bayonet, as constantly dashed them back, and sent them mangled and reeling upon their own reserve. Then the cuirassiers would supply their place, and commence another and not less desperate sort of warfare. As the ground shook under the onward rush of these mailed veterans, the British would instantly form squares. Then would come the first collision of horse and infantry, the squares remaining firm and passive, and never discharging a single shot till the cuirassiers were close upon them, then they would open a fire which from its nearness and precision, emptied the saddles by scores and hundreds: after some of these terrible volleys it was like the fall of the leaves in autumn, when a sudden gust of wind

sweeps the forest. Still the cuirassiers would remain unshaken, galloping desperately between and behind the squares to find or make a gap, by which they might enter and deal destruction upon their adversaries. At last, in spite of their determined bravery, they would be driven back by the intolerable fire from the muskets, or by the charge of the heavy British cavalry—men to the full as daring as themselves, but more skilful in the use of the sword, and with such superiority of strength as to render even the French breastplates but an indifferent protection.”

“How beautifully these English fight! But they must give way,” exclaimed Napoleon to Marshal Soult. But evening came and yet they held their ground. The men, maddened by seeing their comrades falling around them, longed ardently for the moment to advance, but Wellington felt that the crisis was not yet come. It required all his authority to restrain the troops, but he knew their powers of endurance.

“Not yet, my brave fellows,” said the Duke; “be firm a little longer, and you shall have at them by-and-by.”

This homely appeal kept each man in his place in the ranks. But now the superior officers remonstrated and advised a retreat.

“Will the troops stand?” demanded Wellington.

“Till they perish!” was the reply.

“Then,” added the Duke, “I will stand with them till the last man.”

Yet Wellington was not insensible of the critical nature of his position, and longed for night or Blücher. It was now seven, and the Prussians had been expected at three. In less than an hour the sound of artillery was heard in the expected direction, and a staff officer brought word that the head of the Prussian column was at Planchenoit, nearly in the rear of the French reserve. Buonaparte, when told of their advance, maintained that it was Grouchy’s long-expected force coming up; but when he saw them issue from the wood, and perceived the Prussian colours, he turned pale, but uttered not a word.

Napoleon’s Imperial Guards—his veteran troops—were now advancing, covered by a tempest of shot and shells, toward the ridge, behind which lay the British infantry to gain a shelter from the fire. Wellington watched eagerly the dense cloud as it approached, and when it arrived within a hundred yards, advancing on horseback to the brow of the ridge, he exclaimed, “Up Guards, and at them!”

In a moment the men were on their feet—the

French closed on them, when a tremendous volley drove the whole mass back; but the old Imperial Guard recovered, yet only to receive a second volley as deadly as the first, followed by a bold charge with the bayonet, which forced them down the slope, and up the opposite bank. In vain the French attempted to support them by taking the guards in flank. Lord Hill brought forward the extreme right of the army, in the form of a crescent, which overlapping the horsemen, they were crushed as in a serpent's folds, while the infantry fell back, reformed, and occupied their former place on the ridge.

Wellington's quick eye already detected the confusion caused by the Prussian attack under General Bulow on the French rear. Hastily closing his telescope, he exclaimed "The hour is come!—Now every man must advance!"

Forming into one long line four men deep, the whole infantry advanced with a loud cheer, the sun at the instant streaming out as if to shed his last glories on the conquerors of that dreadful day. Headed by the Duke, with his hat in hand, the line advanced with spirit and rapidity, while the horse-artillery opened a fire of canister shot on the confused masses.

For a few minutes they stood their ground gallantly, and even when the allied cavalry

charged full upon them, four battalions of the Old Guard formed squares, and checked its advance. As the grape shot tore through the ranks of the veterans, they closed up again, and to every summons to surrender gave the stern reply, "The Guard never surrender—they die!"

Napoleon had already fled. Finding all hope of victory gone, he at first threw himself into one of the squares of the Old Guard, determined to die with them; but when the Prussians gained on their rear, and he was in danger of being made prisoner, he exclaimed, "For the present it is finished. Let us save ourselves!" and turning his horse's head, he fled with ten or twelve of his immediate attendants.

It was now half-past nine at night, and the moon rose with more than ordinary splendour. The French, now a mass of fugitives, were closely pursued by both armies, and a fearful slaughter ensued between Waterloo and Genappe. At the latter place the British discontinued the pursuit; but the Prussians, comparatively fresh, pursued without intermission; their light horse putting no limit to their revenge. Many of the poor fugitives sought shelter in the villages on their route; but at the sound of a Prussian trumpet, they fled again, only to be overtaken and cut down.

Wellington re-crossed the field of Waterloo to sup at Brussels. The moon-light revealed all the horrors of the scene—his stern nature gave way—and bursting into tears, he exclaimed, “I have never fought such a battle, and I hope never to fight such another.”

Nearly twenty-eight years have sped, and since the day of Waterloo comparative peace has overspread the nations of Europe. Napoleon has long since passed away, yet his memory is still cherished by those to whom he was but a tyrant. Wellington, with the snows of his seventy-third year covering his time-honoured head, still lives admired and respected; and when a century shall have passed, another generation will confirm what his cotemporaries have pronounced, that “the greatest soldier England has produced was Arthur Duke of Wellington!”



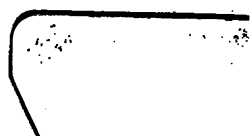


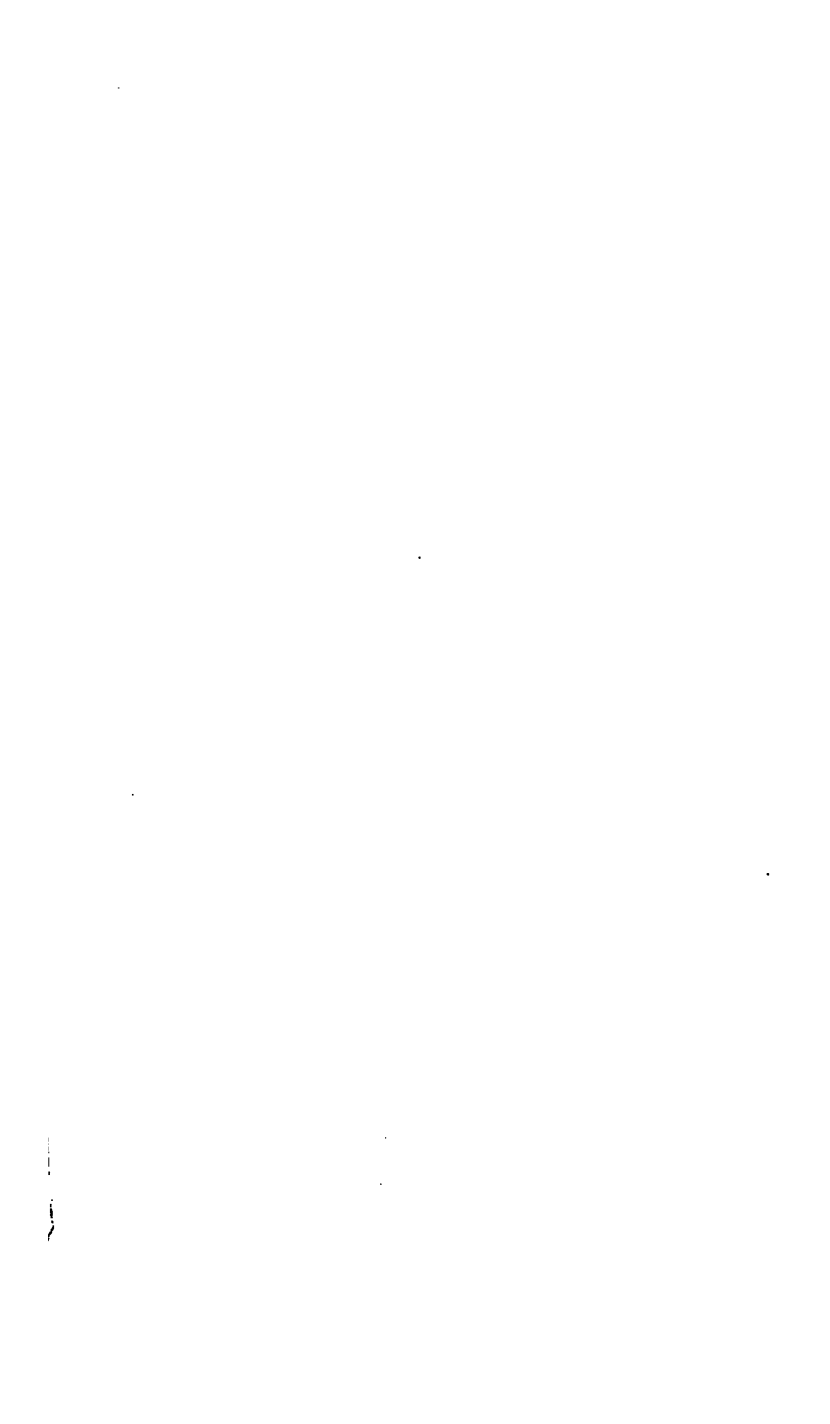
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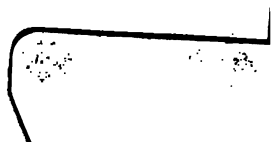
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